

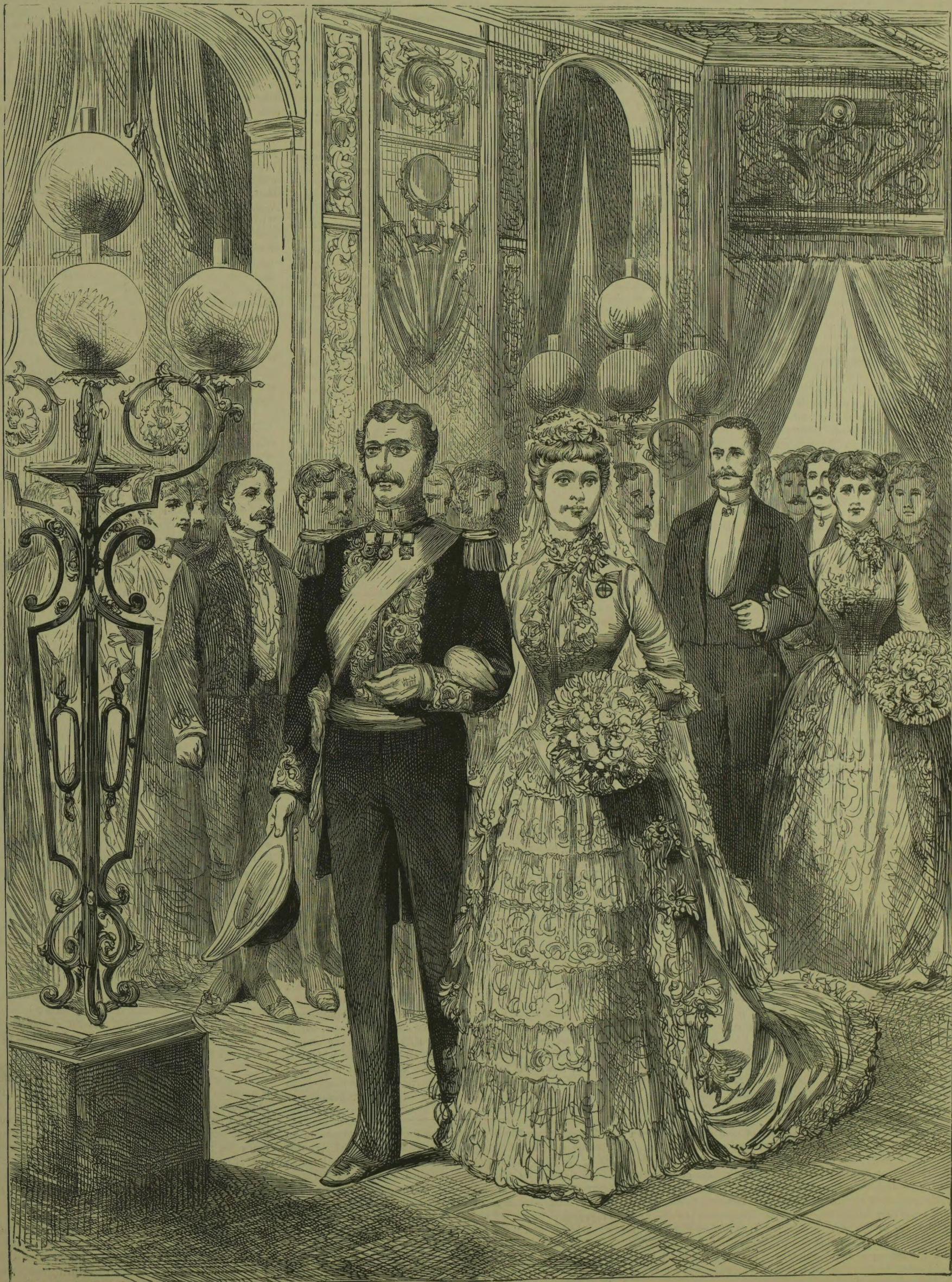
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT THE CHATEAU D'EU: WEDDING PARTY LEAVING THE CHAPEL AND CROSSING THE HALL.


**OUR NOTE-BOOK**

Not the least of the many charms of the "Arabian Nights," as told from Gallaud to our days, is their catholicity. The sternest economist can read them without a sigh; the most austere democrat without a regret. Palaces there are built without taxes, and speedy justice is meted out to all classes alike. In one respect, the only monarch in real life who seems seriously to have found his ideal in Aladdin, or Prince Camaralzaman, falls short of his prototypes—for King Ludwig II. of Bavaria finds that, even with his liberal allowance, he cannot go on building six palaces at a time—in accordance with his own ideas of splendour or comfort—without having to meet sundry bills, which he thinks it strange his subjects do not honour without demur. At this moment, workmen are busily engaged at the Herren Schloss, in the centre of Chiemsee, a building which is to eclipse all the marvels of Versailles as known in the days of Louis XIV. and his successor. For twelve years the works have been in progress, and only a third of them is at present completed. Hohen-Schwangau, another palace, was commenced by the late Maximilian II., but his son is constantly adding to and embellishing it; whilst close by, on the summit of an almost precipitous rock, he has erected the palace of Neu Schwanstein, which is to equal in marvels and magnificence the fabulous Herren-Chiemsee palace. Linderhof, an old family residence, by alterations and additions has become practically a new château; Falkenstein, perched on blocks of solid marble above the Königsee, looks far away over the Austrian frontiers to the Tyrolean mountains; whilst the Hubertus Pavilion is a fairy-like shooting-lodge, at the head of a solitary valley leading down to the lovely but little-known Plansee, which lies off the direct road from Reutte to Partenkirche.

It is one thing to have aspirations after the unattainable, and another to attempt to realise a terrestrial paradise at the expense of the taxpayers. Bavaria, after all, is not so enormously rich that it can bear such burdens without feeling their pressure. The present King's grandfather was the first of the family who had this insatiable mania for building, but his taste led him towards picture-galleries and public edifices. His son's delight was in churches; and between them they managed, in the words of the German proverb, to make of Munich "A golden saddle for the lean donkey." Ludwig's taste is not so appreciated by his subjects, for as the palaces are closed against the public, they bring no crowd of tourists. It is no wonder then they turn restive at the suggestion of further taxation. The King's Civil List is fixed at 2 per cent on the gross revenue of the country, so that his Majesty's fortune increases proportionately with the people's taxes. In spite of this liberal allowance—about £250,000 per annum—the King's exchequer is always empty; and last year the creditors became so pressing that it was necessary to raise half a million sterling to pay off the most impudent. With great difficulty, this was effected; but the money once obtained, and the immediate outcry appeased, the King set to building again with redoubled energy, and there is now a greater deficit in the Royal Budget than ever, and anything but a pleasant prospect for the Ministers, who have to find the means of satisfying all demands.

The missing portrait of the Newman family, lately referred to in our columns, is by no means the only object of interest known to have existed, and now long hopelessly astray. Where is the copy of Junius's letters, which Junius himself directed to be bound in vellum, and which no claimant to the authorship could produce? Where are the numerous and, in all probability, most interesting letters of John Stuart Mill to Francis Place, sent after Place's death to Mill's representatives, but which never reached their destination? Where are the suppressed memoirs of Creevy, mentioned by Mr. Greville? Where is the book given by Lord Durham, after his mission to Canada, to Edward Gibbon Wakefield, with an inscription testifying, with a candour highly to his Lordship's honour, that whenever he had followed Mr. Wakefield's advice he had succeeded, and that whenever he neglected it he had failed? And, finally, where is the Gainsborough portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire?

Mr. "Champion" Roberts can now see Westminster Abbey standing out clearly in the distance; for in his late match with Mr. F. Bennett he did such deeds of billiards as had never yet been seen: he scored, "spot-barred," 409, thus beating the best previous "record" (his own) by 49 points, and he scored 156 off the red alone, thus beating the best previous "record" (Mr. J. North's) by 24 points. Mr. "Champion" Roberts may now say, in imitation of Horace, that he has "erected a monument more durable than brass and loftier than the regal pitch of the pyramids" (in which he also excels). He has still, however, to score 500 points "all round" before he can be considered to have done all that England expects of him.

An ancient but effective weapon of controversy has been brought into use at Melbourne, where one of the two leading journals, the *Age*, contains an alleged intercepted letter from the Premier of New South Wales to the Premier of Victoria, setting forth the reasons why the former colony cannot enter in the project of colonial federation. They may be condensed into one—that federation would be detrimental to the preponderance of Sydney. It can, Sir A. Stuart is supposed to lay down, only be listened to upon nine conditions, of which No. 7 may serve as a sample:—"That all the chief gaols shall be at Sydney and, as occasion requires, everybody shall be hanged there."

Under date of Oct. 7, 1846, Mr. Greville records: "At the Grove the last two days, with Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Panizzi, and a Spaniard with a name like Busenthal." Mr. Reeve comments, "More probably Bergenroth, who was employed in deciphering his [Lord Clarendon's] collection of Spanish State papers." This is impossible, for Bergenroth, who was not a Spaniard, did not come to England until 1857. The person intended is, no doubt, the eminent critic and dramatist, Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch.

Lathom House, where great rejoicings have been carried on this week, to celebrate the majority of Lord Skelmersdale, stands on the site of that splendid mansion so famous in history, and is associated for ever with the House of Stanley. It was here that James I. spent two days, as he went from his Scotch kingdom to take possession of his English throne. The gallant defence of Lathom by Charlotte De la Trémouille, Countess of Derby, is one of the most thrilling incidents in the exciting history of the wars of Cromwell and Charles I. Gallantly defending the fortress for some months, its siege was abandoned by the Parliamentary force; but a year after (in the Countess's absence), it finally surrendered—a victory considered of such importance that Cromwell ordered a Special Thanksgiving in the city of Westminster, and the complete destruction of the place. Thus was one of the finest mansions demolished to a complete ruin, and not rebuilt until 1770.

The mention of the enormous fortune, amounting to £800,000, which has lately fallen to the lucky coachman, whose relative had been one of the successful settlers in New Zealand some fifty or sixty years ago, is an event which nowadays is of rare occurrence. Perhaps one of the most extraordinary strokes of fortune was that which befell the sailor, who at Melbourne received a few pounds for arrears of pay, and, as a thrifty man, he gave it to a lawyer in Melbourne to invest for him. (By-the-by, what an honest lawyer this one proved to be.) For many long years the sailor neither visited Melbourne nor thought much of his investment; but when at last he did find himself again in that port, he looked up the lawyer and asked for his money. "Will you step with me and see your property?" "Delighted to do so." And the sailor saw with surprise a fine banking-house in the best situation, and was told it stood on his land, and produced a very large income. The acute lawyer had bought the land at a very low price, and, as the city increased and extended itself on all sides, the small plot of land became a valuable piece of city property, and its owner was a rich man.

In the new series of the Greville Memoirs (vol. I., p. 367) Mr. Greville quotes an epigrammatic criticism of Sir Henry Taylor's upon Macaulay, to the effect that "his memory had swamped his mind." Is this the original of Mr. Lowell's terse character of Edgar Poe in the "Fable for Critics"?

He has written some things far the best of their kind,  
But somehow the heart seems squeezed out by the mind.

At p. 386, vol. I., Mr. Greville mentions the vexation of Peel at a series of attacks made upon him in letters to the *Times* under the signature "Catholicus." The editor does not add what we believe to have been the fact, that these letters proceeded from the pen of J. H. Newman, who was acute enough to see that it mattered little to Tractarian Oxford whether a Statesman called himself Liberal or Conservative, so long as he was a man of the nineteenth century. They were reprinted without the author's name, under the title of "The Tamworth Reading-Room."

Mr. Greville (vol. II., p. 451) describing the trial in the *Running Rein* case, mentions the violent attack made by the counsel for the plaintiff, Cockburn, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, upon Lord George Bentinck, "whom he accused of being party, attorney, policeman; that he had tampered with the witnesses, clothed, fed, and paid them." The editor might have quoted the epigram which appeared in *Punch* upon this occasion:—

By dealing out invective vain  
From his instructive false and idle,  
The advocate of *Running Rein*  
Proved that his tongue required a bridle.

*Punch* will be an invaluable source of illustration for the contemporary history and memoirs of the Victorian era

Nearly nine months ago the Ecclesiastical Commissioners offered the Corporation of London a beautiful wood at Highgate, and thirty acres at Kilburn, as free gifts, on condition that these open spaces should be put in order for the public benefit. Strange to say, the Corporation has not yet been able to make up its mind about this generous offer. North London is sadly in want of more freedom, for the builder is pushing his way everywhere. Highgate and Hampstead, not very many years ago were rural villages, surrounded by woods and fields. There is little open land now remaining that is secure to the public beyond the 230 acres of heath at Hampstead; but much ground can be appropriated on liberal terms, which will give lungs to Highgate and Kilburn, and the size of Hampstead-heath can be doubled on conditions which, if rejected now, will be lost for ever. This is not a question of local interest, but one that concerns every Londoner who cares for the health and beauty of this "tuberosity of civilisation."

Those engaged in the campaign for putting women on an equality with the sterner sex have scored a new victory this week, for the authorities of the French hospitals have at length decided to admit female medical students on the same terms as the male. Amongst the sixty aspirants for fame who at once took advantage of the concession was a young negro lady, said to be one of the most industrious and able of the whole class. Her success will be a triumph to the humanitarian as well as to the woman's rights champion, for it was only a very few years ago that the negro was considered to be unfit even for the companionship of the pale-faces—as Captain Mayne Reid calls us.

On the whole, this is undoubtedly a monotonous, matter-of-fact world, enough to account for, if not to justify, the views of that eccentric French suicide who considered that he had left a perfectly satisfactory explanation of his deed behind him when he wrote on a piece of paper, "I'm tired of all this buttoning and unbuttoning"; still, there are occasional gleams of romance, occasional strokes of unexpected fortune, to relieve the dreariness, to keep hopes a-tiptoe. There is the case, for instance, of Edward Hampson, coachsmith, of Wednesbury, who "has just come into possession of £800,000 fortune, under the will of his uncle, Adam Roades, cattle dealer, of New Zealand." Nobody, who has an "uncle," need despair. To keep things lively, moreover, "what is believed by those who have seen it to be an infernal machine was discovered in a barrel of American oysters" the other day; and, as oysters (whereof the American frequently do duty for the natives) are sent about all over the country at this time of the year, we may, any of us, have the monotony of our lives broken in a very surprising, if not very agreeable, fashion. Advice to those who receive a barrel of oysters: get somebody else to open it—on some place like Salisbury Plain, if possible.

Mr. Spencer, who, whether by way of penance for some sin that is a secret between himself and his conscience, or from a desire of "beating the record" of the "Wandering Jew," imposed upon himself the task of walking 6000 miles in 110 days, completed the stupendous feat on the 21st inst. with a great deal "in hand," or rather "in foot," having but twenty-one miles to "do" on the last day. Mr. Spencer, who drinks alcohol in moderation, has more than once come forward to beat, and has easily beaten, the performances of Mr. E. P. Weston, elegantly called "The Wobbler," who is all for "teetotalling"; and the late "long walk" may be regarded as a self-sacrificing advocacy of "drink" in moderation. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the teetotallers must now hide their diminished heads. What makes Mr. Spencer's achievement the more remarkable is that he is sixty-five years of age if he is a day; and he is now so far from having had enough of it that he is "anxious to walk any one in the world, a teetotaller preferred, 3000 miles for £100 a side." This preference for "a teetotaller" shows that Mr. Spencer has the courage of his opinions and of his habits; and it certainly is not "Dutch courage," whatever "The Wobbler" and his friends may choose to hint. Of course, some sceptics are beginning to ask whether Mr. Spencer's daily progress was accurately measured.

At Long Island, New York, an American speculator has erected a restaurant in the shape of a giant elephant; and crowds flock to dine in the interior of the colossal pachyderm, which is so large that the late lamented Jumbo could himself have passed with ease beneath its legs. Curious as the idea seems—for there can be no advantage in building houses in the form of beasts—it is by no means original; and those who have read Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" will, no doubt, recollect an account of a similar structure made by the order of the great Napoleon. In fact, there are many people still living who must have seen it, in the neighbourhood of the Bastille, Paris, where it was standing, though crumbling away, little more than fifty years ago. There is, however, this difference: the American Elephant is a purely commercial speculation; the French one was erected to do honour to the people, as the original Colossus of Rhodes was set up in honour of the Sun. The New York speculator may as well remember the ultimate fate of "the brass statue of Apollo, seventy cubits high." It was pulled to pieces, and sold as old metal to "a Jew, who is said to have loaded 900 camels in transporting it to Alexandria."

Many gifts have been bestowed upon our poets, among others physical beauty. No doubt there are some who have been ill-favoured. Herrick, if his portrait speaks truly, was an ugly man; so was Jonson; so, as we all know, was dear Oliver Goldsmith; and Pope, though he had splendid eyes, was deformed. But Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare were handsome men; Milton as a young man was extremely beautiful, and called the lady of his college, while in later life the want of sight left his handsome face uninjured. Dryden, too, had fine features, and was a noticeable man in appearance. Burns had eyes which literally glowed; and Scott, who had seen all the great men of his time, said he had never seen such another eye in a human head. Scott's own face was homely and lovable, but his eye, too, flashed with poetic fire at the notes of Border song; and Southey had "the most spirited countenance that ever human form was graced with." Wordsworth's face did not, perhaps, indicate the fire and soul within; but Byron was splendidly handsome. Shelley was beautiful, so was Keats, who had "an expression as if he had been looking on some glorious sight." Of living poets it is scarcely fitting to speak, but as long as we still have with us the Laureate, Mr. Browning, and Sir Henry Taylor, there is ample evidence that the royal line of English poets has not physically degenerated.

Is John Shiel, tinker, to be pitied or condemned? This is a question which might well occupy the attention of social philosophers. Here is the state of affairs. He was sentenced by the Chairman of the Devon Quarter Sessions to a month's hard labour "for fraudulently converting to his own use an umbrella, the property of Ada Manley." Now, we all know that it is sinful to steal, and that the law of the land punishes an infringement of this biblical and statutable offence. But common custom, if it does not override, at least guides many legislative enactments, and unless satirists, caricaturists, and humourists at large are a misguided class, the theft of an umbrella is of such common occurrence that it should be looked on in the light of a joke rather than in the nature of a crime. Such, at least, must be the view of the many who borrow umbrellas and forget to return them; who take away by mistake a brand new silk one and leave in its place a ragged

one of cotton. No doubt, the original owners have a different opinion, but one thing is clear: if "converting an umbrella to one's own use" is to be punished by imprisonment with hard labour, her Majesty's prisons will have to be enlarged for the accommodation of the disciples of John Shiel, tinker.

There are few things more wonderful than the recent progress of medicine, and yet it may be doubted whether quackery has become less rampant. Inventors of pills and plasters and patent medicines, announced to cure all diseases, have made enormous fortunes within living memory, and men who have never studied anatomy are thought capable of detecting disease by intuition. Ignorance not only favours credulity but incredulity. If there is one fact more certain than another in preventive medicine, it is that vaccination, if properly and universally performed, would stamp out smallpox in this country as it has done in the German Army. Anti-vaccinators, however, in England and in Montreal, where opposition lately led to riot, show how blindly a law may be resisted, the necessity of which has been placed beyond all doubt. Jenner lived to witness the value of his discovery, but he met with ridiculous opposition. We are told how one lady complained that, since her daughter was vaccinated, she coughed like a cow, and had grown hairy all over her body, and how, in a country district, those who had been vaccinated bellowed like bulls. Strange to say, Jenner's discovery was at first more highly appreciated in Austria and Russia than in England.

Once more "those extortionate butchers" is the cry, a cry we must most of us have been familiar with, at intervals, from our childhood (say, for sixty years or so); and it will probably last until some other cry arises in its place; yet will there be no lowering of the prices paid for butchers' meat. Do, in fact, the consumers ever get the advantage of lower prices in any market? Unless, indeed, they actually go to market for themselves; and for how many of us is that practicable? "Excelsior" has ever been the strange device of "purveyors" in most trades connected with eating; we used to pay sevenpence in our youth for a chop and potato: we now pay at least a shilling. And for potatoes, at three to the "portion," we pay at the rate of a penny a-piece.

This week, with the Houghton Meeting at Newmarket, ended to all intents and purposes the horse-racing season of 1885; there will still be about three weeks' racing, but it will be provincial to a considerable extent and of small account altogether. The year will be known as Melton's and Paradox's year among the three-year-olds, and the Bard's, Minting's, and Saraband's among the two-year-olds.

Mr. Randolph Caldecott, to whom many a fireside owes a debt of gratitude, from the eldest to the youngest, leaves England to-day for the United States in the Cunard steamer *Araucaria*; and after wintering in Florida and the neighbouring genial States, proposes to fetch a wide compass westward prior to his return to England next May. Before going he has left two charming little books as Christmas reminders to his friends. The "Story of Good Madame Blaize" is, perhaps, somewhat too realistically treated, especially in its closing scenes, to suit very youthful tastes; but the "Great Panjandrum" reveals imaginative powers on the part of the artist which would have struck wonder into the author's mind. The origin of this famous "mystification" is much in dispute. According to one version, it was written for Foote; and according to another, it was composed by him to test the truth of the assertion made by Macklin, that he could repeat by heart any twelve lines of writing which he had once read through. A third rendering of the story is that three celebrated wits of the day, of whom Foote's name alone survives, seriously set themselves to compress the most nonsense into the smallest space, and that this was the winning piece. The interpretation of the Great Panjandrum, with little button on top as a schoolmaster, is altogether Mr. Caldecott's own, and shows a wonderful inspiration. It is noteworthy that, although the "myth" is nearly a hundred years old, the only "various readings" which have as yet cropped up refer to the "Picninnies," who are otherwise known as the "Picdilites" or "Piccaninnies." The Garyulies do not occur in all the versions.

A correspondent, hailing from Edinburgh, writes as follows:—"In one of the leading paragraphs of your Number for Oct. 24 (p. 414) you help to disseminate an ill-natured and groundless joke of Sydney Smith's, to the effect that my countrymen are slow to comprehend a joke, instead of being amongst the most humorous of people, as the pages of *Punch* and other papers daily testify. I submit that you thereby give us a claim to present, in the same part of your paper, our view of the matter, shortly, in three epigrams:—

No. I.

It was Sydney Smith's game,  
When his jokes missed their aim,  
Want of taste in his critics to blame for the fault.  
But the critics again  
This his dictum arraigned,  
And aver 'twas the jokes that were wanting in salt.

No. II.

Sydney Smith's little jokes  
Did not favour Scotch folks,  
And the reason we gather from hints of his own.  
He was piqued to the heart,  
That the things he thought smart,  
They in silence entombed, and he laughed all alone.

No. III.

Sydney Smith thought it fit  
To set up for a Wit,  
On the strength of Assurance he had at command.  
And when nought it availed,  
He his hearers assailed,  
And declared it was they who did not understand!"

The election of Canon Wordsworth as Bishop of Salisbury was confirmed in the usual manner on Tuesday morning at the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside; and the consecration took place at Westminster Abbey on Wednesday, in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Winchester, Rochester, Lincoln, Southwell, and Nottingham.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It must be as difficult for an accomplished French actress to speak ugly and discordant French as it is for a skilled musician to play a false note or for an accurate scholar to make a false quantity. Yet this was the task set Mdlle. Eugénie Legrand, a clever lady who has been the first to make the French plays interesting this season. The part of Fauny Lear demands from a Frenchwoman a complete knowledge of those solecisms that the best French-speaking Englishwomen invariably commit. The character is that of an English actress who marries a French nobleman, and is anxious to force herself into society by means repugnant to the taste of any well-bred person. She stands alone against an army of social enemies, and almost conquers them by her cool nerve and defiant will. The play, by MM. Meilhac and Halevy, is a wholly ridiculous one. It is full of the most patent absurdities, from a dramatic and social point of view. To expect a Frenchwoman, or even a couple of them, to understand anything about England, even at this period of the nineteenth century, was scarcely to be expected, so one can only smile at the caricature of an English actress, who is said to be the daughter of a Blackfriars sailor, a star at Drury Lane, and a cruel adventuress, even worse than Stephanie, in the play "Forget Me Not." The mad Marquis and the fascinating fiend belong rather to Gaiety burlesque than to fashionable comedy. But for all that, Mdlle. Legrand, who speaks English almost as well as French, and has acted in English both in London and America, made the play interesting in spite of itself. She has an elegant presence, a refined manner, and evidently plenty of power when it is necessary to evoke it, and it is interesting to know that this lady will soon be seen to greater advantage as Marguerite Gauthier in the well-worn "Dame aux Camélias."

The "Dramatic Students" have given their second performance in London. This is a very interesting society. In these days of long runs, and when the London stage is the only true school of acting, the younger members of the profession find it very difficult to get sufficient practice, and are by no means disposed to be idle. So they have combined for a double purpose—to exercise themselves in their art and to study dramatic literature as well. There must be hundreds of earnest playgoers who must be anxious to see the plays that delighted our forefathers, and to ascertain, after personal inspection, the probable and proximate cause of their success or failure. The Dramatic Students accordingly propose to take down old plays from our dusty book-shelves, and to give them life and spirit with the aid of their industry and intelligence. A good deal of quiet, unobtrusive work is being done in the non-commissioned ranks of the stage. Elocution classes, debating societies, lectures, free libraries, all play an important part in advancing that culture which must be the outcome of any form of earnest reform and enthusiasm. When managers are making fortunes with long runs and successful plays, young actors and actresses have plenty of time to learn and to profit by their study. The "ideal" theatre may be still very far off, but it will be brought nearer by such pleasant experiments as that started by Lady Archibald Campbell and her friends at Combe Wood last year, and by the spirited enterprise of the Dramatic Students. As a start, they gave us Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and it was admirably done at the Vaudeville. It was a success and a surprise. The second programme, at the Gaiety last Tuesday, was not quite so interesting, though it was excellent practice for all concerned. Douglas Jerrold's "Housekeeper" is not a good representative play of the author in a literary or dramatic sense. Jerrold did far better work for the stage of his time than that, but we presume it was chosen because it contained several good parts for the young actors and actresses to study. It certainly brought to the front one very promising young lady. Miss Lily Belmore, one of the clever daughters of a very fine actor never sufficiently appreciated, will be sure to make her mark, and she met with a very encouraging reception. Among the others who distinguished themselves were Mr. Foss, Mr. Fulton, and Miss Lucy Rocke. Charles Lamb's farce, "Mr. H—," celebrated for having been hopelessly damned when it was produced, proved a far more interesting revival. It was prefaced by Lamb's original prologue, admirably spoken by Mr. De Cordova, and causing considerable amusement. The ladies present saw accurately presented the costumes of their great grandmothers; the gentlemen took stock of the young bucks of Bath at the beginning of the century. The performance of Mr. J. Tresahar as the luckless Mr. H—, who conceals from his many female admirers that he is called "Hogsflesh," and appeases their fluttering susceptibilities when he changes his name to "Bacon," was a capital bit of light comedy, just in the Charles Mathews style, without any slavish or silly imitation. His fault, and this was common to almost all the other performers, was indistinctness of utterance, and an apparent disregard of the primary rules of elocution as required for the stage. The Dramatic Students, however, have many excellent elocutionists in their ranks, amongst whom are Mr. Bernard Gould, who can do that most difficult thing—deliver a prologue with grace and force, Mr. De Cordova, Mr. Foss, and Mr. Fulton, trained in an excellent elocutionary school—the Princess's Theatre.

The return of Mr. Charles Wyndham with his Criterion Company has brightened and lightened the hearts of the late-dining playgoer. Laughter loud and long may once more be heard in Piccadilly. What better play could he produce at such a time than "The Candidate," which has been written up to the present electioneering period. It goes as well as ever, thanks to the spirited acting of Mr. Wyndham, assisted by a company drilled to perfection. Once more, therefore, the long-promised play by Mr. C. Marsden Rae has to be postponed.

Talking of postponements and indecision, was there ever a play so dangled before the face of the public and withdrawn again than the promised melodrama at the Olympic. Mrs. Conover once more puts it off until Monday next, and it is to be hoped that meanwhile the company will have a little rest, for it is rumoured they have been kept at rehearsal almost beyond the limit of endurance. However, no one will object to the delay if the play turns out what it is reported to be—a very interesting and strong one. Better rehearse a play to perfection than scamp it and trust to chance. Mrs. Conover is evidently not of Mr. Burnand's opinion that judgment on a play should be postponed until the actors and actresses have consented to cease rehearsing in public at the public expense. When a play is produced the public is asked to pay and see it. The play so produced becomes a public occasion. All events of public interest are satisfied and commented on in the public papers, and for the life of me I cannot see why criticism, or report, or comment, or whatever you like to call it, should be delayed in the case of a play when it is never delayed in the case of an important book, or an important picture gallery, or the important utterances of a public statesman. If Mr. Gladstone can speak in Midlothian in the evening, and a leading article can be written on his utterances in Fleet-street by midnight, it would be strange, indeed, if a competent journalist could not comment also on a play, a poem, or a picture. What the playgoer does with his tongue at the club five minutes after the curtain has fallen, the journalist

does with his pen in the newspaper office. They both comment freely on what they have seen. So long as plays become the subjects of newspaper enterprise, it is assumed they are interesting to the public at large. When the theatre ceases to be a matter of public interest, other matters of greater and graver interest will take their places. Is this the consummation that Mr. Burnand devoutly wishes? Strange, indeed, if he does. He virtually cavils at the public for taking an interest in the play!

Saturday next is fixed for the first performance of Mr. Pinero's play, "Mayfair," at the St. James's. A swift steamer is bringing the author across the Atlantic to see his work, which is sure to be well acted at our first comedy theatre. An excellent company has been engaged, every part having been carefully considered. C. S.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT EU.

As we stated last week, when we gave the portraits of the bride and bridegroom, the marriage of Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Princess Marie Amélie d'Orléans was solemnised in the Château d'Eu, Normandy. The ceremony took place in the private chapel called after La Grande Denoisielle, Mdlle. De Montpensier, with whom the Château d'Eu passed into the hands of the Orléans family. This chapel is to the left of the Grand Gallery, which contains the busts of most of the kings, nobles, and heroes of France, as well as a striking picture of Mary Stuart taking her famous farewell of France. The spacious staircase leading to this gallery is of old oak, and was restored and embellished by Viollet Le Duc. The chapel is very small, and can only hold about forty persons. It has splendid stained-glass windows, on which appear the images of several male and female saints, including St. Louis and St. Laurent, patrons of Eu.

The illustrious company present included, besides all the Princes and Princesses of the Royal House of France, the Queen of Denmark, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, the Duchess of Cumberland, the Duchess of Coburg, the Count of Flanders, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, Prince George of Wales, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, Princess Czartoryski, Duke Philip of Coburg, Duke Ferdinand of Coburg, and Prince Antoine of Montpensier. At a quarter past one all the guests assembled in the Grand Gallery on the ground floor of the château. There they were joined by the bride and bridegroom, with the French Princes and Princesses, and a procession was formed to the chapel. After pronouncing the marriage benediction, the Archbishop of Rouen delivered an address, dwelling particularly upon the historic ties between France and Denmark. From the chapel the company proceeded to the White Saloon, where a Protestant marriage ceremony took place, concluding with an address in Danish by Pastor An Jansen, Chaplain to the Queen of Denmark. At the conclusion of this service all the Princes present signed the marriage certificate. The company then returned through the Grand Gallery and ascended the staircase to the Grande Salle de Guise, where the wedding breakfast was given. Among the plate decorating the table was the splendid service presented by the town of Paris to the Duke of Orleans. At seven o'clock the illustrious bride and bridegroom left for the Duke d'Aumale's château at Chantilly, where the honeymoon will be passed.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

The nave of St. Alban's Abbey, the cathedral church of the diocese, was reopened on Wednesday week, by the Archbishop of York, with a choral service. The ceremony was of an interesting character. A procession was formed at the west door, including the Mayor and Corporation of St. Albans, the choir, the clergy, the Bishop of Nova Scotia, the Bishop of Colchester (Suffragan of St. Albans), Archdeacon Lawrence (the Rector), the Bishop of St. Albans, preceded by a chaplain carrying his pastoral staff, and the Archbishop of York. The Lessons were read by Sir Edmund Beckett and Archdeacon Lawrence. The Anthem was "In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah; We have a strong city salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks," &c. (Sir J. Elvey.) Mr. George Gaffe presided at the organ, and the service was beautifully rendered by a strong choir. The Archbishop of York preached the sermon. St. Albans' Abbey church was built between the years 1077 and 1100, mainly by Abbot Paul, of Caen. It had three massive towers, but only the central one remains. Additions were made to the building from time to time, without much regard to uniformity, so that it shows the successive stages of English architecture. Before restoration, the church included a nave of thirteen bays with aisles, a choir with aisles, a transept, a presbytery and ambulatory, and a Lady chapel of three bays with vestibule, the entire length being seven hundred feet. The choir is separated from the nave by St. Cuthbert's Screen, a beautiful piece of work, and there are other exquisite specimens of Early English and Decorated work; but the building, as a whole, is more remarkable for grandeur and dignity than for minute and elaborate details. In the time of Edward VI. it was purchased by the inhabitants for a parish church. During the Civil War in the seventeenth century the church was greatly damaged. Among the tombs it contains is that of the Protector Duke of Gloucester, known in history as the "Good Duke Humphrey." For many generations the church was allowed to fall into decay. In 1832 the south-west wall fell in, and this brought about the first attempt at restoration, but the work was restricted to making good the south-west part. Later on, especially after the foundation of the bishopric of St. Albans, a serious endeavour was made to obtain funds for a complete restoration, the organisation being undertaken by a national committee. The church has since been in the hands of the builders, and has undergone as great a transformation as was consistent with the preservation of its most interesting features. Much has been done by public subscription; but a great deal more has been done by Sir Edmund Beckett, who has rebuilt the west front, inserted a new east window, and restored the nave, at an expense of many thousands of pounds. His latest work, the restoration of the nave, is now concluded, after occupying about seven years; and that part of the cathedral was formally opened last week.

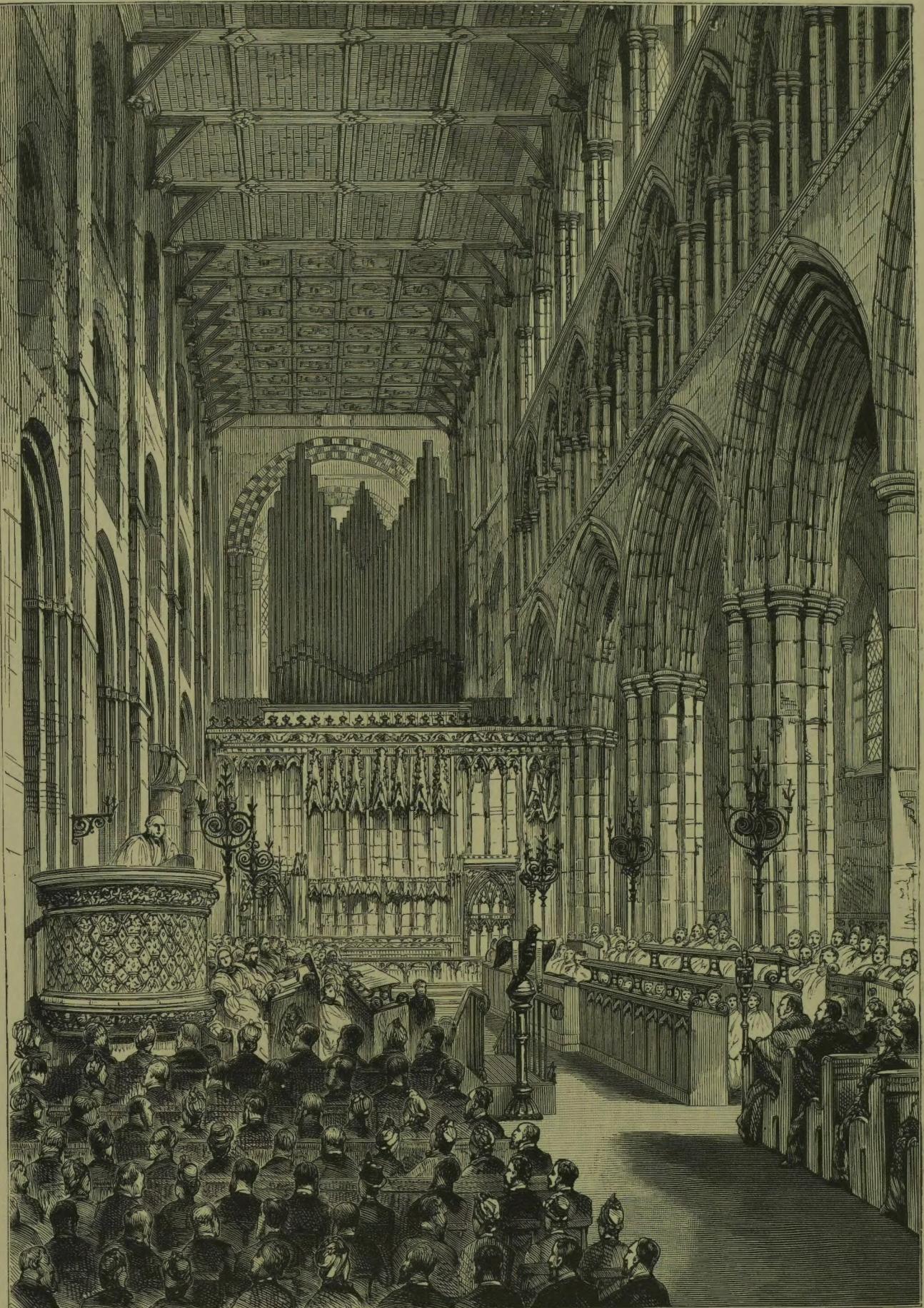
Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamer Aberdeen, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in September.

The Curlew, a new twin-screw gun and torpedo vessel, built entirely of steel, was launched from Devonport Dockyard yesterday week. Two important additions to the Royal Navy were made on Tuesday by the launch into the Medway of the armoured-plated turret-ship *Hero* and the composite gun-vessel *Swallow*. The *Hero* was christened by the Princess of Leiningen, and the *Swallow* by Miss Nicholson, daughter of Captain H. F. Nicholson, Superintendent of Sheerness Yard.



THE PROCESSION PASSING UP THE NAVE.

REOPENING OF THE RESTORED NAVE OF ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.



THE SERVICE IN THE CHOIR.



COLONEL OF THE BURMESE "SOUTH HUNDRED AND FIFTY  
REGIMENT OF GUARDS."



KYOUK NYUNG ATWIN-WOON, AMBASSADOR FROM KING THEEBAW  
TO LORD RIPON IN 1882.



G.A.M.S.

BURMESE AMBASSADORS AT CALCUTTA IN 1882.  
THE DIFFICULTY WITH BURMAH.

## MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace Concert of last Saturday afternoon (the second of the thirtieth series) brought forward, for the first time, a concert-overture, composed by Mr. F. Corder, and entitled "Prospero." As may be inferred, the work is intended to be reflective of features of Shakspeare's "Tempest," and this purpose is effectively fulfilled in some striking passages which are fused into a consistent whole, and enhanced by some skilful orchestral writing. The overture was, as it deserved to be, very favourably received. Mr. Franz Rummel gave a fine performance of Liszt's elaborate and difficult pianoforte concerto in E flat (No. 1), besides playing some unaccompanied solos; and vocal pieces were contributed by Madame Hélène Crosmont and Mr. B. Davies. The programme, otherwise than already referred to, calls for no special detail.

The first of the series of three autumnal Richter concerts took place at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon. The programme did not include any novelty, but comprised a well-contrasted selection of music of different schools. The solemn styles of the earlier pieces—Wagner's "Kaiser-Marsch," Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," and the introduction and closing scene of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde"—were strongly contrasted by the demonstrative character of Berlioz's overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," and Liszt's first Hungarian rhapsody. The closing portion of the concert was appropriated to Schumann's symphony in D minor (No. 4). The second concert of the series takes place on Nov. 3.

Herr Richter and his fine orchestra have been announced to give six provincial performances during this week—at Newcastle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dundee; Glasgow and Edinburgh being twice visited.

A performance of vocal and pianoforte music was given at Steinway Hall last week, when the hall was reopened for a new season. Fraulein Lillie Lehmann (the eminent Wagnerian singer) sang the great aria from Mozart's "Seraglio," and some Swedish songs, with good effect; and Mr. Franz Rummel played, with genuine artistic skill, pianoforte pieces by classical and modern composers.

Mr. Walter Bache—the eminent pianist—gave his sixteenth annual recital at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, when his programme comprised a selection from the works of Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, and Chopin, in all of which Mr. Bache successfully manifested his high executive accomplishments.

Herr Peiniger (the well-known violinist) began a new series of his interesting recitals at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, with the first of a series of three performances. The concert-giver is assisted by Madame Frickenhaus (pianoforte) and other skilful instrumentalists, and by Mrs. Dyke and Miss M. Bliss as vocalists. The first programme comprised instrumental specimens from the works of various composers, English, Italian, and German, of different periods.

The prize of twenty-five guineas offered by Mr. W. Freeman Thomas (the present lessee of Covent-Garden Theatre) for the best manuscript overture by a British composer has (as already announced) been awarded by the adjudicator (Mr. E. Prout) to Mr. E. H. Thorne. The work was to be performed at the Promenade Concert of last Thursday evening, and must therefore be noticed by us next week. On Tuesday next the Promenade Concerts will begin a fresh season of four weeks, under the directorship and conductorship of M. Rivière.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society (conducted by Mr. Barnby) will open its fifteenth season next Wednesday evening with a performance of Gounod's new oratorio "Mors et Vita"—its first public hearing since its production at the Birmingham Festival last August. The society will repeat the work at its second concert, on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 14. The solo singers announced are Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, all (excepting Miss Wilson) having been associated with the production of the work at the Birmingham Festival last August.

We gave, last week, an account of the fifth triennial festival at Bristol, which concluded on the Friday morning with a performance of "The Messiah," the solo vocalists in which were Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Hilton. The financial results of the festival are below what might have been desired and expected, and the guarantors (of whom there are about five hundred) will doubtless have to be called on. The falling off in the attendances may be attributed to the prevailing bad weather of the week, political excitement, and trade depression.

The excellent popular chamber concerts at the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institution will begin a third series next Thursday evening. Mr. G. H. Betjemann is the leading violinist, and he is supported by other eminent artists, vocal and instrumental. The programmes are framed with a judicious view to comprehensive variety.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is engaged in the composition of a new oratorio for next year's Leeds Triennial Festival. It is said that he has already sketched it out, and will, on his approaching return to London, devote himself to its completion. This new work by the composer of "The Prodigal Son," "The Martyr of Antioch," and, more important still, "The Light of the World," will be looked for with great interest.

## THE IMPENDING BURMESE WAR.

Unless a reply to the ultimatum which has been sent by the Indian Government to King Theebaw be received in Rangoon by Nov. 10, and contain a complete acceptance of the terms laid down, hostilities will commence the next day. It is expected that, unless another Prince and Regency be substituted for the present Government, either a British protectorate or annexation is certain to be the result of the war.

The troops will be dispatched to Rangoon as soon as ready, without waiting for a reply to the ultimatum which has been sent to King Theebaw. Major-General H. N. D. Prendergast, V.C., C.B., the senior officer at Madras, will be appointed to command the Burmese expedition, which will consist of ten thousand men, one brigade being drawn from Bengal. The European troops already in British Burmah are three batteries of Royal Artillery, and the second battalions of the Somersetshire Light Infantry, commanded by Colonel Leet, V.C., and of the Scots Fusiliers, commanded by Colonel Winsloe.

News from Mandalay received at Calcutta state that great uneasiness is felt in the Bazaar there. War material, consisting of rifles and cartridges, is being issued from the arsenal, and supplies were sent to Minhlha by steamer on the 10th inst. Three thousand men are marching to reinforce the garrison there. Two thousand have been dispatched to Toungoo. The Burmese river forts are in a state of defence. The Burmese are sending 5000 troops to the British frontier.

It may be recollect that, in 1882, when Lord Ripon was Viceroy of India, a Burmese Embassy from King Theebaw arrived at Calcutta; but the negotiations had no useful result. We present, as examples of the appearance and costume of high official personages in Burmah, the portraits of the Ambassadors upon that occasion, with that of the military officer commanding their escort, styled the Colonel of the Southern Regiment of Guards, a chosen hundred and fifty of

the best soldiers in Theebaw's army. The chief Ambassador, Kyok Nyoung Atwin-woon, was an intelligent and educated gentleman, who had lived in France and England. The full dress, shown in the assembled group, was very gorgeous, with red velvet robes, collars and skirts of gold embroidery, and headgear towering above circular disks of burnished copper. The photographs were taken by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Calcutta.

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## BIRTH.

At Marathon House, Cupar Fife, on the 22nd inst., the wife of Keith Norman Macdonald, Esq., M.D., of a daughter.

## MARRIAGE.

On the 21st inst., at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, by the Rev. Aubrey Gould, M.A., Rector of Newton St. Ayres, uncle of the bridegroom, Thorold Goodwin, eldest son of the late William Rochfort Keats, Esq., of Porthill, Bideford, to Jessie Eliza, second daughter of the late John Cumming, Esq., of Terimalium, Victoria.

## DEATHS.

On the 25th inst., at Broadfield, Port Glasgow, Frances Eliza Noble, widow of A. F. Stoddard, of Broadfield.

On the 25th inst., at Penge, Surrey, Elizabeth Annie, relict of Francis Hutchinson Syng, late of Dysart, county Clare, aged 58.

\* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

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A Pullman Drawing-Room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

**BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY.** Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.00 noon, calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS,** see Time-Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON.** The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo-Acursi, will be continued daily until further notice.

## SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.

Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hotel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families, can be had at reasonable prices.

**A NNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY,** and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six Admission, 1s.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,** completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

**BRINSMEAD SYMPHONY CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, SATURDAY EVENINGS, NOV. 7 and 21, DEC. 5 and 19, at Eight o'Clock.** M. De Saint-Saëns, Mr. Edward Lloyd, the Chevalier Emil Bach, Miss Gertrude Griswold, Miss Agnes Zimmerman, Mr. Maas, Madame Frickenhaus, Miss Marie De Lido, and Mr. Carrodus. Orchestra of seventy performers.

**BRINSMEAD SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area Stalls, 7s.; Balcony Stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 2s. 6d.; admission, 1s. Tickets at Austin's, St. James's Hall; also at Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co's, 84, New Bond-street; and of usual Agents.**

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. ON FRIDAY, SEPT. 25, 1885, THE

**MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS** Celebrated the COMMENCEMENT of THEIR TWENTY-FIRST YEAR AT THE ST. JAMES'S HALL, where they have given NINE PERFORMANCES PER WEEK, in one continuous season, since Sept. 18, 1885. The occasion was duly celebrated by the introduction of AN ENTIRELY NEW AND BRILLIANT PROGRAMME. Tickets and places may be secured at Austin's Ticket-Office, St. James's Hall, daily, from 9.30 till Seven.

GREAT SUCCESS of the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME, which will be repeated at every performance.

Everybody should be present at Mr. G. W. Moore's (assisted by his daughter, Miss Victoria Moore) Prestidigitory Scene and Marvelous Feats of Legerdemain.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT,** Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, a New Play, by Henry A. Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled HOODMAN BLIND. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. W. Wilson Barrett. Miss Wilson Barrett, Mr. S. Willard, C. Cooper, Price G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Berney, Elliott, Barrington, &c. Price: Private Boxes, £1 1s. to £3 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe. MORNING PERFORMANCE OF HOODMAN BLIND EVERY SATURDAY at Two.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Mr. E. RUSSELL and Mr. G. F. BASHFORD.** DARK DAYS, by J. Comyns Carr and Hugh Conway. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock. Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. C. Sugden, Mr. R. Pateman, Mr. E. Maurice, Mr. L. B. Durham, Mrs. Forbes Dawson, &c., and Mr. Barrymore; Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Helen Forsyth, Miss Lingard. MORNING PERFORMANCE THIS DAY (Saturday), at Two.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.** EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock. OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills. 10th Term. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five, where seats can be booked in advance, or by letter or telegram.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.** Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, THE CASTING VOTE. Followed by, at Nine, the very successful Farce Play, in THREE ACTS, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, called THE GREAT-PINK PEARL. For Cast, see daily papers. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 7.45. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open Eleven till Five. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3700). MATINEE at GREAT PINK PEARL SATURDAY, NEXT, at Three. Preceded by Comedietta at 2.15. Doors open at Two. MATINEE of THE CASTING VOTE, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4, at Four o'clock. Preceded by a Comedietta at 2.15, and IN HONOUR BOUND, at Three. Mr. Edgar Bruce as Sir George Carlyon (his original character). Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

## PREPARING FOR THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Wednesday, the Eighteenth of November, is authoritatively named as the date for the Dissolution of Parliament; so that the General Election will be completed in time for the elect to make merry during the Christmas Holidays.

The Marquis of Salisbury, much though he may be tempted to quit his tent to cross swords with a Liberal foeman worthy of his steel, will possibly be hindered from doing so, unhappily, by circumstances over which he has no control. It was learnt with general regret on Tuesday that the Prime Minister was kept to his house by indisposition—a swelling on the right arm rendering an operation necessary. We are happy to hear the noble Marquis is progressing satisfactorily. Whilst the Roumelian trouble and the Burmese difficulty call for closest attention on the part of the Premier and Foreign Secretary, it is fortunate, perhaps, that Lord Salisbury will have no immediate need to speak in public till the Ninth of November demands a Ministerial address from him at the Lord Mayor's Banquet.

Mr. Gladstone will keep his powder dry until after Lord Mayor's Day—obviously with the intention of pouring a destructive broadside into the Marquis of Salisbury's Guildhall speech, to begin with. Meantime, the trees in Hawarden Park (each trunk probably named after a Conservative chief) continue to suffer at the hands of the veteran woodman, who is not likely to spare any branch of the Tory programme when he comes to address the country through the medium of his Midlothian constituents. It is announced that Mr. Gladstone will make three speeches in and around Edinburgh—the first in the Edinburgh Music-Hall on the Eleventh of November, the second at West Calder on the Seventeenth, and the third at Dalkeith on the Twenty-first.

Lord Randolph Churchill, characteristically, has been the most daring Ministerial speaker of late. He has begun his campaign in the very heart of "the enemy's" camp. The Secretary for India pluckily began his candidature yesterday week for the Central Division of Birmingham. He made his opening speech in the Townhall, which has so often resounded with the silvery eloquence of Mr. Bright, whom Lord Randolph Churchill has the hardihood to pit himself against. As is the case with almost every Conservative candidate, the smart Tory-Democratic leader incisively inveighed against the costly and sanguinary and vacillating Egyptian and Soudan policies of the late Administration. Lamenting the fact that so many men were out of employment in Birmingham, the noble Lord was far more sympathetic in words to these luckless artisans than Mr. Chamberlain, and he pointed to the institution of the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade in proof of the readiness of the Government to consider how an improvement can best be effected. Lord Randolph Churchill reserved his most important statement for the last. It was of Imperial moment. It foreshadowed "another little war," the result of which would probably be the annexation of Burmah or some change in the administration of King Theebaw's realm of a similar nature. That an expedition will proceed to Burmah, we may add, is clear from the telegram dispatched to the India Office by General Sir Donald Stewart, whose last act possibly as Commander-in-Chief has been the organisation of a force of eleven thousand men for Burmah, under the command of General Prendergast.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Ministers generally have, like Lord Randolph Churchill, sought to make capital by attacking their predecessors for directly occasioning the deplorable loss of life and treasure in Egypt and the Soudan. This was the keynote, on Monday, of the vigorous Cheltenham speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who condemned Mr. Chamberlain's land scheme as being unjust to landowners. As First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord George Hamilton, on Monday, at Ealing, plumed the Government on the fact that they were about to lay down nine new ironclads for the Navy. Sir Richard Cross, for his part, contented himself on Monday with valiantly rallying for the maintenance of the "House of Lords, Church, and State," which Conservatives would stoutly defend, the Home Secretary declared at Farnworth, near Bolton. Next night, Sir Richard bravely waved the flag of Imperial Federation over St. Helens. In the Melton Mowbray Corn Exchange, on Tuesday, Lord John Manners again slew the thrice-slain Liberal Ministry; and Mr. W. H. Smith, speaking with more than customary vivacity at Dorking—as became a Secretary for War—smote his opponents hip and thigh for their sins of omission and commission in South Africa and in the Soudan. As for the jubilant Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Mr. Henry Chaplin, addressing a meeting at Spalding on the Cambridgeshire day, announced himself sanguine that the Conservatives would be returned to power at the General Election. The Primrose Leaguers the same evening had the gratification of being presided over by the Duke of Norfolk at Norfolk House, where Lord Algernon Percy and Sir Algernon Borthwick took part in the formation of the Norfolk Habitation. The Primrose League should, at least, see that Lord Beaconsfield's grave is kept in better order than it is. Perhaps, the best of all the Conservative addresses of late was that which Lord Cranbrook delivered at Plymouth on the 22nd.

Of Liberal speakers, the Earl of Rosebery has been the most notable. True, the Marquis of Hartington has repeated himself at Grimsby and Over Darwen, save where he judiciously defended at length the deplorable Egyptian and Soudan oscillations of the late Government; Lord Derby has been dry at Bootle; Sir William Harcourt has developed into a Radical at Derby; Sir Henry James has waxed eloquent on Free Trade at Bury, and Sir Farrer Herschell has shown his acumen at St. Ives; while Lord Richard Grosvenor, after posing with more or less success as Liberal umpire in London, has addressed the voters of Flintshire with no uncertain sound. But the comparatively brief and witty speeches of Lord Rosebery have been by far the most notable. The land allotment plan (adopted already by not

## PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

## SCOTTISH WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

The eighth annual exhibition of the Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours, opened on Saturday, Oct. 24, in the galleries of the Institute of the Fine Arts, Glasgow. Hitherto this exhibition has been confined to works by the members of the society; but this year a new and commendable system has been inaugurated by throwing it open to all comers. One result of this change is naturally to be seen in the increase of the number of works exhibited, the catalogue recording nearly nine hundred; but another and greater may be looked for in the stimulus which a generous emulation may be expected to induce among Scottish artists to pursue, with enhanced vigour, this delightful branch of art, in which they have, indeed, already achieved much under the fostering care of the society. The additional attractiveness of the exhibition to the general public is another feature, and we have no doubt the wisdom of the society in making this change will be proved by the increased attendance of visitors to the galleries.

There is a very distinct school of landscape painting in Scotland. Whether this is wholly due to the subjects chosen by its artists, we will not stop to inquire. Certain it is, however, they have, at their very door, one may say, a wealth of scenery that in grandeur and variety no other country can surpass. Consequently we find that landscape is a predominant feature in their work. Wild mountain scenes, in storm and sunshine—"Ben Douri and the Cruachan Range" (216), "Among the Islands: Loch Awe" (309), by John Smart, R.S.A.; "The Humble Home of the Crofter" (102), by the same artist; the old baronial mansion, "Tillietudlem Castle" (43), by David Murray, A.R.S.A.; "Dalzell House" (28), J. G. Laing; the bleak moorlands of Sutherland (242), by W. Beattie Brown, R.S.A.; the stormy West Coast (167), by E. S. Calvert—all find sympathetic exponents and successful treatment.

But it must not be supposed that the efforts of Scotch artists are devoted exclusively to landscape. D. Mackellar's "Companions in Misfortune" (170), a dissipated cavalier and a mendicant friar sitting together in the stocks; T. M'Ewan's "Her Favourite Oe" (grandchild) (33), "A Highland Herd Lass" (361), by R. Herdman, R.S.A., are ample proof to the contrary. Among the numerous works deserving the favourable attention of visitors, we may refer more particularly to Mr. H. Stacy Marks' "Science is Measurement" (118), the finished study for the Royal Academy diploma picture; Sir John Gilbert's "Banditti Gambling" (262), Alma-Tadema's "Street Altar" (401), Léon Girardet's "Teasing" (811), a charming little picture, both in conception and execution; "Scuir-na-Gillean" (13), by C. B. Phillip; "An Oriental Glass Merchant" (73), by Henry Wallis; "Forbidden Fruit" (74), W. Small; "The Church Door" (100), F. W. W. Topham; "The Blackbird's Nest" (177), W. M'Taggart, R.S.A.; "Rome, from the Aventine Hill" (226), Robert Little; "The Bay of Inverkip" (402) and "The Sunlit Waters" (30), by Francis Powell, the accomplished President of the society; "Bivouacking in Afghanistan" (719), by W. S. Cumming.

One oil picture has found a place in the galleries—"The Sailor Boy," by H.R.H. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who is an honorary member of the society, and one of whom the society, from an artistic point of view, may be justly proud. Altogether, this exhibition is an excellent one.

Messrs. Dowdeswell have brought together at their gallery (133, New Bond-street) a collection of water-colour drawings, which, if containing no works of very great prominence, comprises few which are not the average of excellence. Most of the artists who exhibit are already well known to the public; and their capabilities are fully established. Mr. Alfred Powell's "Sunny Evening at Mapledurham" (56) and Mr. Sutton Palmer's "River Wye from the Windcliff" (77) are very charming renderings of river scenery; and Mr. C. Robertson's "Old Devon Town" (123) and "The Rising Storm" (119) are successful among his many other works in poetic treatments of Nature. Of the same school, but showing very different feeling, are Mr. Max Ludby's "Walberswick" (82) and his more important "View of the Thames at Marlow" (53), taken from the point above the river known as Shelley's Seat. Mr. A. W. Hunt sends one little gem, darkly set in stormy clouds—a "View of Moel Siabod" (78), the well-known mountain above Capel Curig, and a brighter bit of Yorkshire scenery (14) treated with his wonted skill. Mr. S. G. W. Rose, a rising artist who has a career before him, shows not only good promise, but good performance in his Sussex and Devon sketches. Mr. R. A. K. Marshall's "Waning of a Summer Day" (8) treats of Derbyshire and the Wrekin, whilst Mr. Wimperis finds in East Anglia two delightful scenes—"Aldborough Common" (27) and "Thorpe Marsh" (33). Among the less known names we may mention as well deserving of notice, Mr. Lennox Browne's "Sheila's Home" (40), overlooking the dark waters of the Atlantic; Miss Bessie Spiers' "Views on the Usk," and Miss Charlotte Spiers' "Recollections of Worcestershire," in all of which careful execution is united to a real feeling for Nature. Mr. F. W. Cartwright sends a series of "Thames Drawings" (126-137), done in vignette style, with great and almost elaborate care, whilst at the other extreme Mr. Théodore Roussel's "Thames Embankment" (108), may be regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of the Impressionist School—which would be more striking had the artist succeeded in conveying the idea that the empty bench in the foreground and the deserted steam-boats in the back were not in the same plane. Altogether, the exhibition is an interesting one, and suggestive of the way in which our artists spend their holidays.

At the Fine-Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street) there is on view a collection of drawings by Mr. Herbert A. Olivier, who two years ago, whilst an Academy student, carried off the Creswick prize. Instead of fixing himself in Italy, Mr. Olivier has gone at once to the "gorgeous East" in search of subjects; and the seventy sketches of India and Cashmere here exhibited show that he has made good use of his time and opportunities. The sketches are of all sorts—landscapes, figures, street scenes, and solitary ruins; and into all he has succeeded in transposing an interest, for those who do not know India, which many of his predecessors have often failed to arouse. In some instances, he fails to convey that sense of warmth—not to say tropical heat—with which we are accustomed to invest Indian life, as, for example, in the "Native Town, Bombay" (15), and "The Ruins of a Portuguese Settlement" (38); but in others, such as the "View of Bijapur" (23), the city of the dead, "The Plains near Chacrata" (26), and "The Approach to Benares" (43), we are able to sympathise with our countrymen condemned to live in such vapour baths. Amongst the figures, that of a "Mohammedan Woman" (37) is painted with great force and character; whilst "The Idle Fellow" (42) is not only clever but a humorous rendering of a common parasite of Indian society. The exhibition is well worth a visit, especially as next year we may expect that "India and the Colonies" will occupy a prominent position in our daily life.

## THE COURT.

Her Majesty has walked and driven almost daily, and enjoys good health. Accompanied by the Duchess of Albany and Miss M. Cochrane, the Queen drove on the 22nd inst. to the Dantzig Shiel, and afterwards on to Loch Callater. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Frederica, and Baron Pawel Rammingen also drove to Loch Callater. Princess Frederica and Baron Pawel Rammingen dined with the Queen and Royal family. In the evening the Crathie Musical Association sang the following pieces before the Queen and the Royal family:—"Auld Lang Syne"; "Comin' through the Rye"; "Up, Clansmen, up"; "Corn Rigs"; "O, hush thee, my baby"; "Logie o' Buchan"; "Swiftly from the mountain brow"; "There's nae luck about the house"; "There was a lad was born in Kyle"; "God Save the Queen." Her Majesty and the Royal family were present at Divine service on Sunday morning in the parish church of Crathie. The Rev. George Matheson, D.D., minister of Inellan, officiated. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon and Lord Rowton had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family; and Dr. Matheson was presented to her Majesty in the evening. The Queen, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, visited Braemar on Monday, arriving shortly after two o'clock in an open carriage drawn by four greys. The journey was continued after a change of horses by Mar Lodge to the Glen, where the Royal party were joined by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Luncheon was served, and, after a walk through the Glen, the Royal party returned on their homeward journey. Prince George of Wales arrived at Balmoral in the afternoon on a visit to the Queen. The Duchess of Albany dined with the Queen; and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Lord Rowton, Sir Robert and Lady Collins; and Mr. Walter Campbell, of Blythswood, had the honour of being invited. The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, is expected to return about the 20th of next month to Windsor Castle.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, were present at the clerical marriage of Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie of Orleans at the Château d'Eu, on Thursday, the 22nd inst.; and at the wedding breakfast the Prince proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. The Prince and Princess, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and Prince George of Wales, arrived in Paris on Friday night from Eu, and alighted at the Hôtel Bristol. Lord Lyons breakfasted on Monday morning with the Prince and Princess at the Hôtel Bristol. Their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by the three young Princesses, afterwards went out shopping, and in the evening visited one of the theatres. The Prince of Wales left in the evening by special train for England, the Princess and her daughters remaining in Paris a few days longer. Prince George of Wales went home on Sunday. The King of Denmark has created Prince George of Wales a Knight of the Order of the Elephant.

## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on the 22nd inst., Mr. H. Seymour Hughes, eldest son of Mr. and Lady Florentia Hughes, of Kimmel, was married to Miss Mary Stewart Hodgson, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Stewart Hodgson, of Lythe Hill, Haslemere. Mr. Henry Hughes was the best man; and the bridesmaids were Miss Agatha and Miss Ruth Stewart Hodgson, sisters, and Miss Mary Glennie, cousin, of the bride, and Miss Frances and Miss Horatia Hughes, sisters, and Miss Hordern, cousin, of the bridegroom. The Rev. Arthur Valpy, M.A., uncle of the bride, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canon Holland, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Mr. Stewart Hodgson giving his daughter away.

The marriage of the Hon. Robert Cranmer Trollope, brother of Lord Kesteven, with Miss Carew, elder daughter of the late Colonel Carew, of Crowcombe Court, Somerset, was solemnised in Crocombe parish church, near Taunton, on the 22nd inst. Lord Kesteven was his brother's best man; and the four bridesmaids were Miss Geraldine Carew, sister, Miss Blanche Carew and Miss Sybil Mynors, cousins of the bride, and Miss Leeke. Mr. Edmund Carew, brother of the bride, gave her away. The Bishop of Nottingham officiated, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Warre, head master of Eton College.

Mr. Alexander Gordon Russell, eldest son of Lieutenant-General Lord Alexander Russell, C.B., commanding the Forces in Canada, was married to Miss Ella Maude Commerell, eldest daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir John Edmund Commerell, in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on the 22nd. The Hon. Arthur Somerset was the bridegroom's best man; and the bride was attended by two bridesmaids—namely, Miss Alice Commerell and Miss Wood. The Rev. Robert Haynes Cave, M.A., Rector of Woolverton-with-Ewhurst, Hants, officiated, Admiral Sir J. E. Commerell giving his daughter away.

Earl Ferrers and Lady Ina White, second daughter of the late Earl of Bantry, were married last Saturday, at St. George's, Hanover-square. The bride was given away by her sister, Lady Ardilaun; the other persons present being Countess Ferrers, Lady Augusta Palmer, and Miss Walsh (mother, sister, and half-sister of the bridegroom), the Countess of Bantry, and Lady Jane Kenny Herbert (mother and sister of the bride).

The marriage of Sir Richard Bulkeley, Bart., and Lady Magdalen Yorke, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, will take place in December.

The Queen has conferred the order of the Garter upon the Duke of Northumberland.

Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner for Canada in London, left Quebec for England last Saturday.

The Earl of Ilchester has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Dorset, in the place of the late Earl of Shaftesbury; and Lord Erne of county Fermanagh, in place of the late Earl.

Sir Robert Morier left Charing-cross on Monday evening for Paris and St. Petersburg to present his credentials to the Russian Imperial Court.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir J. Ridgeway has been appointed her Majesty's Commissioner for the delimitation of the Russo-Afghan frontier.

Sir Frederick Roberts was on Saturday last entertained at dinner by the Lord Mayor, prior to leaving for India to assume the post of Commander-in-Chief.

Mr. Alderman Staples, Lord Mayor-Elect, was on Monday formally presented to the Lord Chancellor, who signified her Majesty's approval of the choice of the citizens.

Mr. Justice Denman, Mr. Justice Field, and Mr. Justice Day have been appointed the Judges for the trial of election petitions, during the ensuing year.

The coming-of-age festivities of the eldest son of Lord Lathom, continued over three days, were marked on Tuesday by a grand banquet at Lathom Hall, near Ormskirk, which was attended by 400 guests. Lord Derby proposed the toast of the day.

## OBITUARY.

## THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

The Right Rev. James Fraser, M.A., D.D., Bishop of Manchester, died on the 22nd inst., at his residence, Higher Broughton. He was born at Prestbury, near Cheltenham, in 1818, the eldest son of Mr. James Fraser, of Heavitree, Exeter, by Helen, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Williams, of Bilston, and was educated at Bridgnorth and Shrewsbury Grammar Schools. His University career, at Lincoln College, Oxon, was one of brilliancy; and his distinctions, among other honours, a First Class in Classics, the Ireland Scholarship, and a Fellowship at Oriel. In 1847 he became Rector of Cholderton, Wilts; and, after acting as Chaplain to Bishop Hamilton and as a Prebendary and Chancellor of Salisbury Cathedral, was appointed in 1860 Rector of Upton Nervet, near Reading, where he remained until 1870, when he was consecrated Bishop of Manchester, in succession to Bishop Lee. He married, Jan. 15, 1880, Agnes Ellen Frances, daughter and heiress of John Shute Duncan, LL.D., but had no issue. The loss of this energetic and estimable divine is deeply felt. No Bishop was more endeared to his people, and none will be more sincerely mourned.

## THE BISHOP OF ELY.

The Right Rev. James Russell Woodford, D.D., Bishop of Ely, died on the 24th inst., at his Episcopal Palace. He was born on April 30, 1820, the only son of Mr. James Russell Woodford, by Fanny, his wife, daughter of Mr. Robert Appleton, of Henley-on-Thames. After passing through Merchant Taylors' School, he proceeded to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1842, as a Senior Optime in the Mathematical Tripos, and as a second-class man in Classics. He was ordained priest in 1845, was appointed to the incumbency of St. Mark's, Easton, which he held until 1855, when he became Vicar of Kemsford, Gloucestershire, and in 1868 was nominated to the vicarage of Leeds, having in the previous year been given, by Bishop Wilberforce, an honorary canonry in Christ Church, Oxford. In 1864, 1867, 1872, 1876 and 1878, he acted as Select Preacher before the University of Cambridge, and in 1873, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, he succeeded Dr. Harold Browne in the bishopric of Ely. Dr. Woodford was for some time Professor of Theology at Cuddesdon, Proctor for the clergy of the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol, and one of the Queen's Chaplains in Ordinary 1872-3. The Bishop was never married.

Portraits of both Bishops are given in another page. Our Portrait of the late Bishop of Manchester is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry; and that of the late Bishop of Ely, from one by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of South Kensington.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Rebecca Anne, wife of Sir John Kelk, Bart., and third daughter of his uncle, Mr. George Kelk, of Braehead House, Ayrshire, on the 16th inst., in her sixty-eighth year.

Katherine Anne, Viscountess Cranley, widow of Arthur George, Viscount Cranley, and youngest daughter of John, first Earl Brownlow, on the 18th inst., aged sixty-two.

Margaret Falconar, widow of General Sir Thomas Erskine Napier, K.C.B., and daughter and coheiress of Mr. Alexander Falconar, of Woodcot, on the 18th inst., aged ninety-two.

Clara Geneviève, Lady Elliot, widow of Admiral Sir Charles Elliot, K.C.B., Governor of St. Helena, and daughter of Mr. R. H. Windsor, on the 17th inst., in her eighty-eighth year.

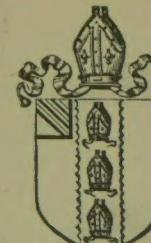
Colonel Robert Stansfeld, of Field House, Sowerby, Yorkshire, J.P., late 19th Foot, and Hon. Colonel 3rd and 4th Battalions Duke of Wellington's Regiment, on the 19th inst., in his eightieth year.

The Hon. John Montagu Stopford, Grenadier Guards, son of James Thomas, fourth Earl of Courtown, by his second wife Dora, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Edward Pennefather, on the 22nd inst., at Sandgate, from disease contracted while serving in the Soudan. He was born in April, 1858; and married, May 5, 1881, Winifred, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Reilly, of St. Bridget's, in the county of Dublin.

Commander Henry Augustus Perkins, R.N., probably the oldest officer in the British Navy, on the 15th inst., at his residence, Warbstow, Torquay, in his ninety-third year. He entered the Navy in 1806, the year after Trafalgar, and served at the bombardment of Algiers, in 1816, as Lieutenant on board the flag-ship of Lord Exmouth, when he was severely wounded. Captain Perkins was male representative of the ancient family of Perkins, resident during many centuries at Upton Court, near Reading—an abode associated with the writings of Alexander Pope, and with Belinda, the heroine of the "Rape of the Lock."

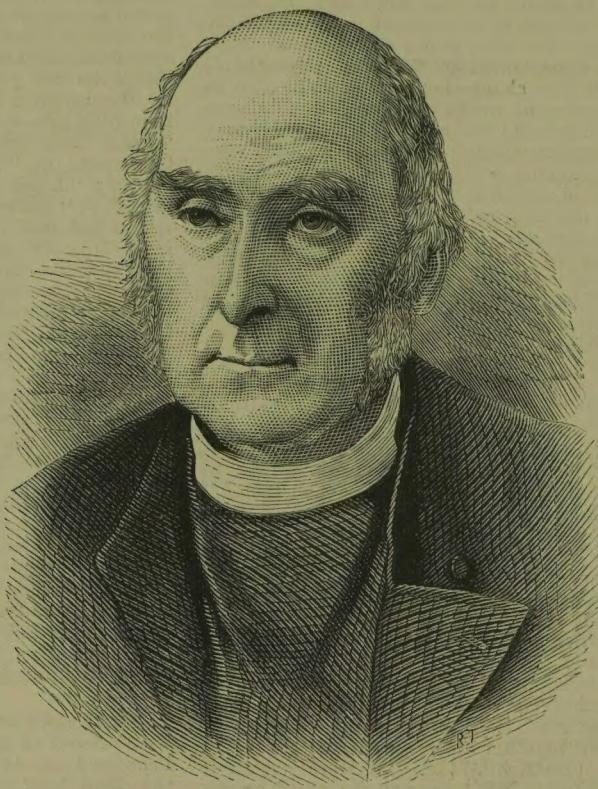
The Lord Mayor appeals to the public on behalf of the London Orphan Asylum, at Watford. The institution has maintained and educated, since its foundation in the year 1813, nearly 5000 fatherless children from almost every part of her Majesty's dominions. Owing, however, to want of funds, not more than forty children can be received at the half-yearly admission in January next, while there are a hundred vacancies, and nearly double that number of applicants. With the object of freeing the charity from debt, an old friend to the institution has offered to contribute £1000 towards increased admissions if a similar sum can be raised in the form of annual subscriptions of half a guinea and upwards. The Lord Mayor, therefore, earnestly appeals to public co-operation and support, so as to secure this generous gift, and relieve many urgent cases at a moment of extreme distress and pressure. Donations and subscriptions will be received by the treasurer, Mr. A. R. Capel, at 1, St. Helen's-place, Bishopsgate-street.

The Lord Chancellor has presented the living of Bramdean, Hants, to the Rev. Edward Rudge, LL.B., Chaplain-Superintendent of King Edward's Schools, London, and Witley, Surrey, and Chaplain to the Sadlers' Company.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has presented the Rev. J. T. Pearse, of Grassendale, Liverpool, to the living of Brabourne-with-Monks Horton, vacant by the death of the Rev. G. B. Perry-Ayscough.—The Bishop of London has instituted the Rev. J. H. J. Ellison to the new vicarage of St. Gabriel's, Warwick-square, Pimlico; and has likewise licensed the Rev. J. R. Mills to the perpetual curacy of Neasden-cum-Kingsbury.—Mr. Chaplin, M.P., as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, has offered the vacant living of Someroak, near Louth, to the Rev. James Bell, M.A., Curate of Dorrington.—The Rev. Foster Rogers, who for the last thirteen years has been Vicar of Barrow, near Chester, has resigned the living in consequence of ill-health. The living is in the gift of the Marquis of Cholmondeley.





THE LATE RIGHT REV. JAMES FRASER, D.D.,  
BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. J. R. WOODFORD, D.D.,  
BISHOP OF ELY.

#### SERVIA AND TURKEY.

The rumour that Servian troops had actually crossed the frontier into Bulgaria, to interfere with the revolution in Eastern Roumelia, was contradicted on Monday by a despatch from Nish. It is stated, on the contrary, that some troops have been sent back to Belgrade, and further reports confirm the impression that the envoys of Germany, Austria, and Russia have cautioned King Milan to such good purpose that he no longer contemplates rushing into a war of adventure. It is not yet believed, however, the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says, that he will disband his army and return himself to Belgrade. The following is a statement of the positions of the Servian army at the end of last week:—The Morava Division, commanded by Colonel Topalovitch, was echeloned along the Bulgarian frontier and on the banks of the Morava, between Leskovatz and Vranja,

The Drina and Danube Divisions, commanded by Colonel Miskovitch and General Jovanovich, were concentrated, with three regiments of cavalry, at Nish. The Shoumadija Division, which, under the command of Colonel Biniczky, forms the reserve, was encamped between Nish and Kniazhevatz, a place on the river Timok, half-way between Zaitchar and Pirot. The Timok Division was on the eastern frontier, between Negotin and Zaitchar. Each of these five divisions numbers 8640 infantry and 1200 cavalry, with forty-eight field-guns. On Friday week the Danube Division marched across the Souihia mountains to Ak Palanka. It was to arrive next day at Pirot. The vanguard would occupy Tsaribrod, on the Bulgarian frontier, only one day's march from Sophia. The Drina Division was on the march to Vranja, on the Turkish frontier, and Vlasinitza, a town on the road from Leskovatz to Pirot. It is clear, if this account is to be relied on, that the Servians are now in a position, within two or three days, to concentrate

four divisions, or about 40,000 men, with 172 guns, either on the Turkish or the Bulgarian frontier. The Dragoman Pass, over which runs the high road from Pirot to the plain of Sophia, is not fortified. The manifesto recently prepared by the Servian Government, insisting that the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia should not be recognised in any form, or, if it is acknowledged, that Servia should receive a material compensation, is now published.

The Turkish military preparations are continued with great activity. In addition to the Nizam, or standing army, it is stated that 174 battalions of Redifs (First Reserve) have been mobilised; of these, fifty-four remain in Asia, the other 120 being available for action in Europe, eighteen of the latter belonging to the second levy, the others to the first levy. The effective of each battalion may be put down at 700 men, which gives a total for active service of 84,000. Since Oct. 6 the transport of these troops has begun, and they



THE REVOLUTION IN ROUMELIA: SERVIAN FIRST RESERVE ON THEIR MARCH TO NISH.



THE REVOLUTION IN ROUMELIA: A BATTALION OF THE TURKISH NIZAM ON THE MARCH.

are being massed round Adrianople and Uskub. The latter town is near enough to Prisrend to resist an advance of the Servians. Of troops of the line there are in the western portion of European Turkey sixty battalions of between five and six hundred men each (33,000), twenty field batteries and ten mountain batteries (18) guns), and forty squadrons of cavalry of between eighty and one hundred horses each (3600). It is true that the batteries are but partially horsed, but draught or pack animals could be easily procured; moreover, two thousand horses are expected from Austria, which were ordered two months ago. Of the cavalry, only about one third could be utilised for field service, as they act as gendarmerie in the disturbed districts. At Constantinople there are garrisoned, in round numbers, twenty battalions and twenty squadrons, as well as twenty field batteries, insufficiently equipped, and four mountain batteries. But those troops cannot be taken into account, for in the Palace they are considered necessary for protection. There are, besides, in the vilayet of Adrianople, of troops of the line, sixteen battalions (8800), twenty-four squadrons (2160), and seven batteries (42 guns). We may safely assume, therefore, that there is now concentrated in European Turkey an army of about 150,000 men of all arms, with 222 guns. The combined Bulgarian, Servian, and Greek field forces—supposing the three countries were to combine for common action, which is open to very great doubt—would not exceed in strength that of the Turkish army of operation, leaving out of consideration the quality of the opposing armies.

#### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Peace, troubled heart," song by Ciro Pinsuti, is a very expressive setting of lines of a serious character by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. The vocal melody is simple without being commonplace, and is set off by an effective pianoforte accompaniment. Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co. are the publishers, as also of "Why must we say good-bye?" a song by Edith Cooke, which is a good specimen of the sentimental style. The melody is pleasing and unaffected, and lies within a moderate compass. Messrs. Cramer and Co. also publish a very spirited waltz for the pianoforte, "Bitter-Sweet," by Caroline Lowthian, in which the dance rhythm is well preserved.

"Douze Pièces pour Piano, par G. Flaxland"—published by Mr. Edwin Ashdown—are a series of movements of varied character, each with a distinctive title, to which the music corresponds in style. Each piece possesses a special interest, and all will be found to be worth attention. They are well written for the instrument, and are effective, without being difficult. From the same house we have "The Comprehensive Scale and Arpeggio Manual," by Walter Macfarren, in which passages of the description implied by the title are given in various keys and positions, as required in the metropolitan and local examinations of the Royal Academy of Music. A diligent study of this work is calculated to ensure a thorough command of the key-board.

Mr. Frederick Pitman has issued a volume of "Ball-Room Treasures"; a collection of sixty pieces of dance music, in various forms, by well-known composers. The work forms the sixth volume of Mr. Pitman's "Musical Library," a neat and cheap series of publications. From the same source we have "Pitman's Dance Album," a work similar to that just noticed, and forming the sixty-ninth number of the "Sixpenny Musical Library." Vol. vii. of the series first referred to contains 135 violin solos, consisting of popular dances, and operatic and other airs selected from various sources; vols. lxx. and lxxi. of the "Sixpenny Musical Library" each comprising thirty violin solos of a like kind.

"Out in the Morning Early" is the title of "an old-fashioned love-song" written and composed by Miss Lindsay (Mrs. J. W. Bliss). Both words and music have much distinct archness of character. Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. are the publishers, as also of "What's Love?" by R. W. P. Lodwick, a pleasing song in the sentimental style—and "Cushion-Dance," a pianoforte piece by M. Watson, in which the quaint style of the formal old dance is well reflected.

A really perfect compendium of political and social topography is provided by Mr. Edward Stanford, publisher, of Charing-cross, with eighty-nine beautiful and accurate maps, in the "Parliamentary Atlas and Handbook of England and Wales," making one handsome octavo volume, strong half-bound with leather back. Its usefulness will extend far beyond the approaching General Election, and the constitution of the New House of Commons with its redistributed seats for boroughs and county divisions. It will be consulted as a sure authority in the discussions that must arise upon the projected scheme of Local Government Reform, and upon various questions relating to the commercial, agricultural, and industrial interests of the country. It gives maps of all the counties, in which the electoral registration divisions are differently coloured and their boundaries strongly marked, accompanied for each county by several pages of statistical notes, with an enumeration of the parishes, unions, petty-sessional divisions, and municipal boroughs, and with precise statements of the areas, the population, the assessed real property, the gross estimated rental, the rateable value, the amount of poor-rate, county and police rates, and inhabited-house duty, and the extent of different crops and numbers of live stock. There are separate maps of the great cities and boroughs, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Hull, Wolverhampton, and Bristol, showing the electoral divisions; and for London a special map is so coloured as to show the varying densities of the population. In addition to all these maps for political reference, there are some of the whole of Great Britain, or of England, exhibiting the geological features of the country, the hill-ranges and plains, the river-basins, the average rainfall, temperature, and barometrical pressure in each month of the year, the distribution of population, the diversities of occupation, the diverse kinds of agriculture, the coal-fields, and the rates of mortality in the respective districts, as well as the allotment of Parliamentary representation and the ecclesiastical dioceses. The Isle of Man and the Channel Islands are included; and we hope to see an Atlas of Scotland and an Atlas of Ireland to correspond with this excellent publication, for which Mr. Stanford and his assistants deserve the highest credit. Mr. Stanford has, indeed, also published a series of sheet maps, on two different scales, of a size for roller or folding-case, showing the British Isles, with the divisions of counties and the boroughs, according to the Redistribution of Seats Act, 1885. One map, on the scale of nearly twenty-five miles to an inch, comprises the whole of the United Kingdom, and may be had either with the electoral divisions coloured or not coloured. The larger map is in four parts, the scale being nearly twelve miles to the inch, and the sea-spaces in the northern portion are used to admit plans of twelve of the larger English cities and towns, with their component boroughs, and of Edinburgh and Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast.

#### PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Oct. 27.

"Ah! Monseigneur, so you, too, have come over for this famous marriage!" said President Grévy the other day to the Prince of Wales, when his Royal Highness called at the Elysée. The "famous marriage" in question was, of course, that of Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie d'Orléans, which seems particularly to have ruffled the serenity of the Republicans—so much so, in fact, that the Cabinet Council has been seriously discussing whether it would not be advisable to exile the Orleans family at once, and numbers of the newly elected deputies intend to make that proposition as soon as Parliament meets. Prince Napoleon, who has contrived to make known his views without compromising himself by a manifesto, declares that the Republic is alone possible in France, and possible only if it has a Bonaparte at its head. The executive power, says the Prince, is vacillating and feeble because it depends upon the legislative assemblies. Let the President be elected by the people and let him have Ministers responsible to him alone. The Republicans will of course reply that Cæsarism is not their ideal. It is interesting, however, to see that Prince Napoleon abandons his dynastic pretensions and seeks a Republican magistracy, leaving to his son, Prince Victor, the inheritance of the plébiscite of 1870, of Napoleon III., and of the Prince Imperial.

What is going to happen in the political world here, it is not easy to foresee. "Nous marchons vers de gros événements," say grave men who occupy the post of philosophical observers; but in France we always are "advancing towards grave crises." The expulsion of the Prince might prove a very grave event. The triumph of Jacobinism also might be a grave event, and it might prove to have a comic side also; for in a speech made last Sunday, M. Yves Guyot revealed the existence of a great danger to the Republic, in the fact that the wives of many functionaries were not good Republicans, but even professed Reactionary opinions. M. Guyot considered that it was time to put a stop to this state of things. The next step will be enforced celibacy for all Government functionaries.

The Academy of Sciences received with much enthusiasm yesterday a report of M. Pasteur on the successful treatment of hydrophobia by means of inoculation with the attenuated virus of rabies.

Great preparations are being made at the theatres for the production of new pieces. At the Vaudeville, the great play of the season will be a comedy in four acts by Sardou, called "Georgette." At the Gymnase, a dramatisation of Alphonse Daudet's novel "Sapho" will be either the great attraction or the great failure of the winter. At the Ambigu, Zola's "Germinal," dramatised from the novel, will be produced in December, provided it be authorised by the Censorship. At present this authorisation is refused, because the drama, like the novel, is written in a spirit of advanced Socialism, and because in one scene soldiers and gendarmes are represented shooting down a mob of miners on strike. This realistic spectacle is considered by the Censorship to be dangerous from the point of view of the public security at a time when there is more or less anarchy and revolution in the air. At the Porte Saint Martin "Théodora" is being still played, while a splendid revival of Victor Hugo's "Marion Delorme" is being prepared. After this will follow a revival of Sardou's "Patrie," and a new comedy in five acts by Meilhac, called "Héva."

The new books in preparation are a satirical novel by Alphonse Daudet, called "Tartarin des Alpes," and a novel by Zola, called "L'Œuvre," which will be a study of artistic and literary life in Paris. Zola's novel will not be published in the form of a volume until January. M. Edmond De Goncourt has issued two volumes of his history of the French stage in the eighteenth century, which will take the form of biographies of the celebrated actresses Mdlle. Lecouvreur, Clairon, Sophie Arnould, Saint Huberty, Camargo, La Guimard, Mdlle. Contat, and Madame Favart. M. De Goncourt also promises instalments of the "Literary Memoirs of Edmond and Jules De Goncourt," which will be a history of letters, art, and society during the reign of Napoleon III. Madame Edmond Adam is also preparing to publish her memoirs from the day when she first began to remember up to the present day. Madame Adam, thanks to the political influence which she has exercised in the course of her extraordinary social and literary career, will be able to write many a page of modern French history in her memoirs of her own life.

The Paris papers announced last week that the Duc d'Aumale had invited the Prince of Wales and a Royal party for the last day of the Chantilly Races. The Paris papers are evidently unfamiliar with English views on Dominical repose. The Queen of Denmark, Prince and Princess Waldemar, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Prince George were the guests of the Duc d'Aumale last Sunday, and spent the day in the château and park of Chantilly; but none of the party appeared at the races. Prince and Princess Waldemar have gone to Italy to spend the honeymoon. T. C.

King Alfonso was able on Saturday last to be present on the first day of the autumn races, with Queen Christina and Isabella, and the rest of the Royal family.

Yesterday week the King of Denmark issued a proclamation proroguing the Rigsdag until Dec. 18.—An immense Conservative procession of more than 20,000 men proceeded one day to the house of M. Estrup, the Prime Minister, to congratulate him on his recent escape from assassination.

The Emperor William arrived at Berlin on Friday week from Baden, after six weeks' absence in South Germany, and has taken up his winter residence in the Royal Palace. In the afternoon his Majesty received Count Herbert Bismarck, representing the Foreign Office. On Monday the Emperor visited at noon the Cathedral Chapel, in order to inspect the fine new altar picture, representing the Adoration of the Infant Jesus by the Kings. The Emperor, after returning from the chapel, received Prince Albert, appointed Regent of Brunswick, who dined with his Majesty.—Count Moltke celebrated on Monday his eighty-fifth birthday. As usual, he spent the anniversary in strict retirement with his nephew, Captain Moltke, on his Silesian estate at Kreisau.

The Emperor of Austria, in opening the Delegations last Saturday, referred to the Roumelian crisis as an unexpected violation of legal order which conjured up serious danger for the tranquillity and welfare of the peoples of those regions. The maintenance of peace, he added, would be the first care of his Government.

In opening the Greek Parliament, King George referred to the events at Philippopolis as having destroyed the securities which Greece enjoyed under the Berlin Treaty, and expressed a hope that the Powers might succeed in establishing a solid equilibrium.

The Porte has sent a circular to the Powers proposing a Conference on the Bulgarian Question. All the Powers have accepted.

Sir H. D. Wolff signed the final Convention with the Turkish Government respecting the Egyptian arrangement at the Porte last Saturday afternoon; and the Sultan issued his

formal approval of it. Sir H. D. Wolff had an audience on Monday of the Sultan, who received him most cordially, after which Sir Henry embarked for Egypt.

After concluding a north-western tour of 6000 miles, Lord Lansdowne returned on the 22nd inst. to Winnipeg from the Pacific coast, and was received with great demonstrations of loyalty by the inhabitants.—The Canadian revenue in the last fiscal year amounted to 32,970,000 dols., and the expenditure to 35,327,000 dols.—A system of electric lighting has been inaugurated in Quebec, by which the neighbouring Falls of Montmorency are used to supply the necessary power to illumine Dufferin-terrace, the well-known promenade overlooking the St. Lawrence. Hitherto the experiment has proved entirely satisfactory.

The Empress of Brazil has broken her arm falling on a staircase in the palace. Though not dangerous, her condition requires extreme care.

From Teheran it is reported that a further agreement has been signed between the British and Persian Governments in regard to the retention of Ayoob Khan on Persian territory, and that the annual allowance for the maintenance of Ayoob Khan and the other chiefs is increased to £12,000.

#### BLOWING UP ROCKS AT NEW YORK.

Some Illustrations of the mighty engineering operations in the East River (Long Island Sound) above New York, for the removal of nine acres of rock, which obstructed the navigable channel through the East River to New York harbour, were presented in our last week's publication. We now give a View of the actual explosion of the labyrinth of galleries mined in the rock, and charged with three hundred thousand pounds of dynamite and similar explosives. The View was taken from the lower end of Eighty-seventh-street, on the banks of the East River, where many thousands of spectators witnessed this amazing sight. It was the sudden uprising of a body of water, estimated at twelve hundred square feet, in a shape resembling an iceberg, though infinitely whiter and more brilliant. Tumultuous whirlpools agitated the surface of the Sound after the water fell, and clouds of yellowish vapour, the gases generated by the explosion of the dynamite, for a few brief moments obscured the sun. Those who stood nearest to the rock felt a slight tremor of the ground; but the shock was more perceptible in the upper storeys of the neighbouring houses. At Patchogue, forty-eight miles away, several observers noticed a tremor of the earth twenty-one and a half seconds after the explosion. The noise made was not great; it was a dull, muffled roar, like distant thunder. All was over, so far as the spectators were concerned, in less than half a minute. This engineering feat is the greatest of the kind that has ever been accomplished, and the engineers are loud in their praise of the result, which they say is exactly what they had desired and planned. They report that the entire mass of the rocky island has been reduced to fragments, which will be easily removed by dredging. Many loosened fragments are visible at low water, over a larger space than was occupied by the original rock.

#### MR. SALA IN AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

Several most interesting communications have appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* from Mr. George Augustus Sala, brimful of keen observations, for the most part of a rosy hue, on the places he has visited and the persons with whom he has come in contact during his lecturing tour in Australia. And now we learn from the *New Zealand Herald*, a copy of which for Sept. 10 has just reached us, that Mr. Sala has left the "Land of the Golden Fleece," the last place visited by him being "Fair Adelaide," and has been most cordially received at Auckland. On the invitation of Mr. C. C. McMillan, one of the partners of Messrs. McArthur and Co., a large number of the leading citizens met Mr. Sala at luncheon, on Sept. 9, at the Northern Club. There was much felicitous speech-making, of which the guest had, as was natural, the principal share. The health of Mrs. Sala, who accompanies her husband, having been proposed and cordially drunk, Mr. Sala, in acknowledging the compliment, said that she thoroughly deserved it. During a quarter of a century she had accompanied him to almost every country he had visited; had shared his joys and alleviated his sorrows, and robbed them of half their bitterness. He trusted she would survive him many years, and that among her memories there would be none sweeter or tenderer, or more fascinating than the happiness they had mutually experienced in Australia (Cheers).

In the evening of the same day (Sept. 9) Mr. Sala gave a lecture at the Choral Hall, and although only twenty-four hours' notice was given, the hall was quite filled, the audience being a thoroughly representative one. The lecture chosen for Mr. Sala's sole appearance in Auckland was that on "Russia." A condensed account of the lecture and of the lecturer's manner and reception is supplied by the *New Zealand Herald*, as follows:—

Mr. Sala, on appearing on the platform, was greeted with loud cheering. A book containing the manuscript of the lecture had been placed on the reading-stand, but the lecturer was apparently quite independent of his notes. He never even touched them. His lecture had all the attractions of careful composition and accurate phraseology, while it was set off with easy and appropriate gesture, not too much nor too little. The humorous phrases Mr. Sala used, and the humorous incidents he described, seemed to rise aptly and immediately to his lips, and had all the effect of impromptu remarks. The descriptive portions were vivid and clear, and must have had the effect of summoning up a picture in the mind of every hearer. In the more set passages, such as those in which he described that wonderful "fighting machine," the Russian soldier, the composition of the Russian Guard, and the relations of Great Britain and Russia, he was most impressive. The lecture lasted for about two hours, but the attention of the audience was never permitted to flag for an instant. Mr. Sala began by describing the occasion of his first visit to Russia, just after the Crimean War. By a series of pictures he enabled his audience to realise Russia and the Russians. He described the Russian peasant, the drosky driver, the noble, and other types of Russian society. St. Petersburg, that wondrous creation of Peter the Great, was portrayed in all its grandeur. The great street of the Nevski Prospect, five miles long; the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, which is a palace, a church, an arsenal, and a prison; and the Winter Palace, which in splendour and riches surpasses all other palaces, were all delineated in language which will ever remain in the memories of those who were present. Mr. Sala paid another visit to Russia just after the assassination of Alexander II., who was murdered by an explosion of dynamite when driving in St. Petersburg. The lecturer depicted the state of Russian society, honeycombed by nihilism. He then described the conveyance of the body of the Emperor from the Winter Palace to the Chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul through the snow-covered streets, the lying in state, with its strange ceremonies, and finally the burial. Mr. Sala's third visit to Russia was on the occasion of the coronation of the present Emperor, which event took place in the great palace of the Kremlin, at Moscow. It will be seen from the above sketch that Mr. Sala had abundance of material for his varied powers; and that material he made use of with all the skill of an experienced litterateur. He remarked that Peter the Great built St. Petersburg because, as he said, he "wanted a window to see into Europe," and now Russia appears to want a window to see into British India. Mr. Sala pointed out the different elements in Russian society, and showed the great danger from the powerful influence exerted by the military class. The lecture was a model of what a lecture should be—interesting, instructive, picturesque, with the due proportions of humour and of eloquence. It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Sala will not be able to give any more lectures in Auckland. We are sure that if he could have stayed, he would have had a most successful season.

A memorial window to General Gordon was uncovered last Saturday in St. Andrew's Church, in presence of the Volunteer force of the district, under the command of Colonel Macle.

## BOYCOTTING IN IRELAND.

The war carried out under the auspices of the Irish National League against landlords, for the purpose of harassing them and all who have any dealings with them, is a subject of much anxiety in the districts in which the combination is strongest, and most stringent in its rules. It is no longer directed only against those denounced as evictors and rackrenters, but extends to the whole class; and it is enough for a man to take grazing land or buy cattle from a landlord, or work for one, to make him obnoxious to the Leaguers. The system of boycotting is carried out upon the most complete scale. In some places every person who in the slightest degree assists a proscribed person is himself brought under the ban of the League. Notwithstanding the advice given by the secretary and chiefs of the central body to keep the system within bounds, and not to use it against persons whose only offence is that they have not joined the movement, a resolution has been passed binding the members not to do work of any kind for anyone who does not belong to the organisation. The result is that many farmers cannot get their harvest saved or their corn threshed. This system of intimidation is carried on by persons who pretend to sympathise with the farming classes, and who make the hard times, which they help to make still harder, a pretext for refusing to pay rent. It suits the purpose of the principal spokesman of the League and some of its organs to represent that boycotting is not greater now than it was when the Crimes Act was in force, and that that Act was of no use against it. That statement is not supported by facts. It is true that when it was understood that the Crimes Act was doomed and would be allowed to expire, the people in many places ceased to fear it, and began to resume the practice. The Executive also relaxed their hold of the weapon which the Act placed in their hands, since it was practically abandoned by the Government of the day. But until it was discredited it was used with effect, as it gave special jurisdiction to the magistrates, by summary process, to deal with the offence. The knowledge that such an effectual means of punishing offenders existed had a deterrent influence, and it was seldom necessary to resort to it; but when it became known that the Act would not be renewed, the boycotters felt relieved from restraint. The Government, however, are now putting all the powers of the ordinary law in force, and have succeeded in making many of the offenders amenable to justice. Several more prosecutions are pending, and only await the sittings of the magistrates at petty sessions to hear the cases. Regular official reports are furnished to the law officers of the Crown every day, and in every case in which evidence is forthcoming to sustain a prosecution, the local officials receive instructions to proceed. Besides this, the Government have made arrangements for helping boycotted persons in such essential matters as shoeing horses and supplying cars. There is now a blacksmith and a private forge attached to the station of every resident magistrate, so that a farmer who cannot get his horse shod by the village smith has another to whom he can apply. If it should be necessary, the arrangements may be extended to include provisions and farming appliances, which are now withheld from those who are obnoxious to the members of the local branches of the league.

The scene which our Illustration represents occurred at Grane, county Kilkenny, in the church situated on the property of Mr. Keating, who has been denounced as an evicting landlord. "The Boycotters' Court" is in reality the committee of the local branch of the National League. In this place it was summoned by the priest, who is president of the committee. The meetings, as announced from the altar, take place, for convenience of members, after the last mass, in the sacristy of the church. A contingent from Urringford, a small town about two miles distant, arrived to take part in the proceedings. This town, which is situated in Grane parish, supplies the majority of the members. Some of them are shopkeepers, and with them are poor law guardians, the doctor, clerk, and master of the union workhouse; the rest are some of the most influential farmers of the parish. When an offence has been committed against the rules of the League, such as occupying a farm from which a tenant has been evicted, supplying provisions to "emergency men," or dealing with boycotted parties, a member gives notice, and the offending party is summoned before the court. Witnesses are also summoned, and the case proceeds as in an ordinary court of justice. Since the expiration of the "Crimes Act," the police are not allowed to enter into the room during these trials, but are always in the vicinity by orders of their commanding officers.

An anonymous donor has subscribed £500 towards the Cairns Memorial being erected in Bournemouth, in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week from American and Canadian ports amounted to 1394 cattle, 9952 quarters of beef, and 355 carcases of mutton.

In London 2572 births and 1458 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 173 and the deaths 127 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 27 from measles, 18 from scarlet fever, 18 from diphtheria, 31 from whooping-cough, 11 from enteric fever, 21 from diarrhoea and dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had increased in the five preceding weeks from 152 to 301, further rose last week to 356, being 29 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 50 deaths: 45 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 14 from fractures and contusions, 11 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, and 15 of infants under one year of age from suffocation.

On the opening day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Baron De Rothschild won the Plate of one hundred guineas before Aveline and the Monday Nursery with Prudence, Mr. T. Jennings the All-Aged Selling Plate with Boadicea, Mr. W. Dunne the Flying Stakes with Kooiur, Mr. T. Cannon the Selling Plate with Ricotta, the Duke of Westminster the Criterion Stakes with Ormonde, and Mr. Craven the Ancaster Welter Handicap with Caltha.—On the second day, the Cambridgeshire Stakes were won in a canter by two lengths by M. H. Bouy's Plaisanterie, Mr. T. Barclay's Bendigo being second, and but a head in front of the Duke of Beaufort's Eastern Emperor. Mr. Craven's Caltha was fourth, and Mr. J. Hammond's St. Gatien, the favourite, was fifth. Sir F. Johnstone's Luminous won the Three-Year-Old Handicap Sweepstakes, and the Baron De Rothschild carried off a £200 plate with Lucerne, and the Criterion Nursery Stakes with Beaver. The Prince of Wales arrived at Newmarket in time to see the Cambridgeshire decided. On Wednesday Archer piloted The Cob to victory for the Duke of Beaufort, and won the Home-Bred Sweepstakes; Lord Zetland's Grey Friars won the Maiden Plate; the Stand Handicap fell to Mr. Manton's Stourwick; and the principal contest of the day, for the Dewhurst Plate, was won by the favourite, Ormonde, with Whitefriars and Murdoch second and third.

## CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Oct. 28.

At last the London Money Market is waking up to the conviction that to let the rates further slide away in the face of the increasing international weakness of our statistical position is dangerous, and the rate of discount for bills due within the year has, during the past week, been advanced from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent per annum; but though at such a stage as we are now in this is a welcome improvement, it yet leaves much to be done, for the unemployed balance at the Bank of England is below twelve millions, a figure which rarely fails to indicate an early and rapid advance in the Bank rate. Naturally enough, the exchanges are against the market, and the efflux of gold has been considerably in excess of the receipts. But the banks and discount houses have had this to justify them—that their unemployed balances were unmanageably large. But after allowing for all that can be said under that head, the fact remains that the Bank, holding the ultimate reserve of the whole market, is not rich, but poor, and that at a time of year when demands tend to increase. A rising money market is against Consols and other very high-class stocks, but as these still pay all but 3 per cent, there is yet a large margin to work upon. Moreover, the current of the stock markets is still so strongly in favour of prices, that little heed is just now paid to restraining considerations. Nearly all groups of securities have moved up under the influence of a conviction that as regards the period of depression the worst is now over, and that almost anything may be safely bought. Until just recently there was more or less discrimination, but every day now witnesses the inclusion into this movement of securities which seem to have very little individual claim to such elevation. While it may be reasonable to conclude that much of what is taking place is merited, the rise has been so considerable and continuous that some degree of pause and settling back would probably now be of general advantage.

The shareholders of the Ionian Bank are suffering from what their directors call the unexampled commercial and financial depression in Greece. Early in the year specie payments were resumed, but so rapidly did what was put into circulation flow out of the country, that the forced currency of the notes of the National and Ionian Bank was reimposed by the Government. In connection with this, the Ionian Bank made a loan to the Government. The effect of all this depression and confusion is that the shareholders have a dividend of 4 per cent per annum, while they have for some time past been accustomed to 6 and 8.

Stagnation of trade with Spain has reduced the earnings of the Direct Spanish Telegraph Company, and after meeting debenture interest there is nothing for the preference shareholders, the undivided balance being carried to reserve, bringing that fund, however, only up to £8400, which must be regarded as quite inadequate for a property of the nature of telegraph cables, standing in the company's capital account as costing £238,379. The preference shares rank for 10 per cent per annum, and all arrears have to be made good before ordinary shares participate. The debenture capital is £60,000, the preference capital is £60,000, and the ordinary capital is £116,379.

Sir Henry Tyler got through the half-yearly meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, on Tuesday, with unusual ease and success. He had no difficulty in showing that the comparative adversity of the company was due to depressed business in Canada and the States, together with the prevalence of unprofitable rates, as the result of competition between American companies. As regards the Canadian Pacific Company, Sir Henry said his company accepted the situation as it was, and desired to work the doubly-occupied districts with as much harmony as possible. He referred to overtures he had made in regard to one point as evidence of this new policy, and he expressed the belief that what traffic was taken from them by the Canadian Pacific would be more than recouped to them by the general expansion of business which might be expected to follow the opening up of the North-West by the Canadian Pacific.

Notice is given by the Post Office authorities of their willingness to receive tenders from persons desirous of performing given postal services on the termination of the present contract with the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. Among these services is a fortnightly one from British Columbia to Hong-Kong, calling at Yokohama, and back from Hong-Kong to British Columbia, calling at Yokohama. This is taken to be a recognition of the new transcontinental route opened by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

In spite of the depression of business in Australia, the principal banking companies are opening new branches with unusual frequency, and additional capital is in due course required. Within the past few days the National Bank of Australasia has decided to issue 50,000 new shares. The subscribed capital will then stand at £1,250,000, and the reserve fund will then be £670,000. And the Commercial Bank of Australia is to increase its capital to £2,000,000, with £800,000 paid up, and a reserve fund of £340,000.

Issuers of loans should take note of their experience with the Russian Government and railway bonds. The tax levied on the income derived from such bonds is deducted in all cases where exemption was not specifically arranged for in the bond or the prospectus. In times of security it is easy to think ordinary precautions unnecessary; but taking them costs little trouble, and they may prove useful.

The shares of the company recently formed to take over the shipbuilding business of Samuda Brothers were admitted to the official list about three weeks since. They had and have £4 paid out of £10. They began their market career with a quotation of £6, and in a few days fell to £4.

T. S.

In the Chancery Division on Monday, a motion was made before Mr. Justice Chitty to sanction the acceptance of an offer of £20,500 for the Great Eastern steam-ship. After some discussion, the Judge decided that it was best to proceed with the public auction.

Yesterday week was observed as a public holiday at Darlington, on the occasion of the opening by Lady Lymington of the Free Library founded by a bequest left by the father of the late Mr. Edward Pease. That gentleman, who died five years since, left £10,000 for educational objects, especially naming a free library for his native town of Darlington. His brothers, Sir Joseph and Mr. Arthur Pease, who were trustees, have carried out the bequest, and yesterday week a splendid free library was opened in the town. Lord Lymington, Sir Joseph Pease, and several others spoke on the occasion.

The ceremony of conferring the degrees of the Royal University of Ireland took place on Tuesday afternoon in the Royal University Buildings, Earlsfort-terrace, Dublin. Lord Emly, Vice-Chancellor of the University, presided, and the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon were present. Honorary degrees were conferred on the Earl of Granard, the Earl of Kenmare, Mr. Edmund Dease, Mr. Robert Scott, Dr. Lyons, M.P., the Rev. Dr. Witherow (Londonderry), Mr. Thomas Arnold, Mr. Charles Duke Yonge, and others. Over a dozen ladies had degrees conferred on them.

## NEW BOOKS.

The present age has evinced a remarkable desire for literary reminiscences and private histories, of a kind which has not inaptly been spoken of as a morbid curiosity to get behind the scenes of a neighbour's life. It has likewise been noticed that but few writers who can write conspicuously well have of late ventured to turn their attention to biography. This has been one among other causes of the publication of ill-digested second or even third rate memoirs, and which, for the most part, may well excite alarm in the minds of those who have at all engaged the attention of the public. Mr. Bettany's *Eminent Doctors: their Lives and Works* (J. Hogg, London), will scarcely be accepted as a model of biographical literature, or as exhibiting any power of freshness in the mode of treating the subject. He has, however, so far succeeded in condensing a number of well-authenticated facts about those "who have contributed to make the medicine and surgery of the day" what it is, which may be found satisfactory to a certain class of readers; nevertheless, he has not realised the end and aim of biography. The lesson biography is intended to teach will, as has been before pointed out, "be found in the analysis of human genius, and in the development of those elements of the mind, to those varied combinations, and nicely-adjusted proportions to which the mental habits and intellectual peculiarities of distinguished men may be readily referred." Those who look for this particular method of treating biography must not expect to find it in Mr. Bettany's "Eminent Doctors," notwithstanding his having read "hundreds of biographical memoirs," from which he has culled his essentials. In his preface he writes with feelings approaching to regret of being embarrassed by the voluminous nature of the materials at his command, and this was probably the cause of his abandoning the chronological order for the less methodical one of grouping under desultory headings, as "The Foundation of British Medicine," "The Fashionable and Courtly Physicians," "The Newer Surgery," and so forth. He has, however, found nothing to say about the "Founders of Medicine" which has not been said a hundred times over by "orators" appointed by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons to annually deliver orations in commemoration of their achievements. Much of the space devoted in this manner, and in descanting on fashionable physicians, might have been better bestowed upon the lives and works of a host of illustrious men who find no place among "Eminent Doctors." The list is too long a one to fully enumerate; but we may say that Mr. Bettany's readers will look in vain for more than a casual notice of such men as Akenside, Armstrong, Aikin, Arbutnott, Browne, Bateman, Black, Bostock, Butler, E. Darwin, Friend, Forbes, Garth, Goldsmith, Good, Keats, Lettsom, Mead, Radcliffe (the munificent founder of the travelling fellowships), Smollett, Sloane, Wollaston, Walcot, Willis, Young (that profound scholar and philosopher), and very many more. Then as to contemporary biography—living members of the profession—we notice both sins of omission and commission. The author, indeed, admits his "list cannot be expected to satisfy everybody." Is this likely, when he altogether passes over so many eminent names—the Arnotts, Carlisle, Hawkins, Hewson, Hey, Guthrie, Gulliver, Granger, Pott, Stanley, Travers, Southwood Smith, Marion Sims, Richard Owen (who began life as a general practitioner), and many more? It is quite evident that in attempting to make a selection from living names he found his task by no means an easy one, and, as at no distant day a second edition may be called for, the lives and works of the "Eminent Doctors" we have enumerated will doubtless find their appropriate places in Mr. Bettany's pages.

There is in course of publication (Rivington) a series of nice little volumes, of which *The Story of Russia* by M. E. Benson; *The Story of Norway* by Charlotte S. Sidgwick; and *The Story of Switzerland* by Theresa Melville (with a preface by the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tollemache), alone are within reach just now; but they will serve admirably as pegs whereon to hang a few remarks. It would seem that they are all to be edited by women, whose title and willingness to employ the fruit of their own "higher education" for the benefit of children will thus be established and exemplified. The books are "intended not for School work but for Home reading," and the writers are supposed to aim at making them "attractive enough to be read by young children to themselves." This object seems likely to be attained, though all the writers do not adopt quite the same fashion; for the volume containing "The Story of Switzerland" bears much more resemblance than the other two volumes bear to those tales in which the pill of useful information is gilded with a coating of personal adventure and experience on the part of a child who is represented as telling the whole or the greater part of the story. Each of the volumes, however, has the ever desirable index; "The Story of Russia" and "The Story of Norway," moreover, have a few illustrations. Surely these little volumes cannot need any further recommendation; parents and guardians will, no doubt, hasten to make a trial of them. And that a trial may be made with the greater confidence, be it recorded that the exploded myth of Tell and the apple is noticed indeed, but only to be placed in its proper category.

A remarkable trial for bigamy terminated last Saturday at the Central Criminal Court in a verdict of guilty against the prisoner, James Malcolm, and Mr. Justice Field sentenced him to seven years' penal servitude.

A three-light Munich stained-glass window, representing the Nativity of Christ, has been placed in St. Andrew's Church, Robarton, "in memory of Maria Withington, who fell asleep Jan. 4, 1885."

On Tuesday the inaugural address to the students of the University of Edinburgh for 1885-6 was given in the United Presbyterian Synod-hall by Sir William Muir, K.C.S.J., Principal of the University. There was a large attendance.

The Lord Mayor attended a meeting at Harrow School on Tuesday evening to promote the success of a mission work which past and present students have commenced in the district of Wormwood-scrubs. Part of the scheme is the erection of a church in Latimer-road, for which funds were asked.

The Earl of Scarborough was on Tuesday formally installed Permanent Grand Master of the Nottingham Imperial Order of Odd Fellows, in succession to his father, the late Earl. The ceremony took place in the Albert Hall, Nottingham, in the presence of the Mayor (Alderman Burton) and the leading officials of the order. His Lordship was afterwards present at a banquet in honour of the event.

In the North-West London Hospital, Kentish Town-road, on Saturday last, the Lord Mayor unveiled a memorial window which had been erected in honour of two ladies named Learmouth, the founders of the hospital, who lost their lives through their zealous attendance upon the sick poor in the hospital during an epidemic of typhoid fever two years ago. The window, which represents Christ healing the sick, has been executed by Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street.



THE STATE OF IRELAND: BOYCOTTERS' COURT AT GRANE, KILKENNY.



SCENE OF THE BLOWING UP OF THE HELL GATE ROCKS, AS VIEWED FROM EIGHTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

## TURKEY IN EUROPE.

The region delineated in our Map is that which is sometimes called by geographers "the Balkan peninsula," from the Balkan range of mountains, to the south of the basin of the Lower Danube, stretching eastward to the Black Sea, and connected at its westward extremity with the labyrinth of mountain ranges in Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Albania, towards the Adriatic. This region has, indeed, somewhat of a peninsular situation, lying between the Adriatic Sea, the Black Sea, and the Aegean or Greek Sea; but its greatest breadth is attached to the main body of the European Continent, and is bordered as well by the Hungarian and Slavonic portion of the Austrian Empire, as by the new Kingdom of Roumania,

formerly known as Wallachia and Moldavia, on the north bank of the Danube.

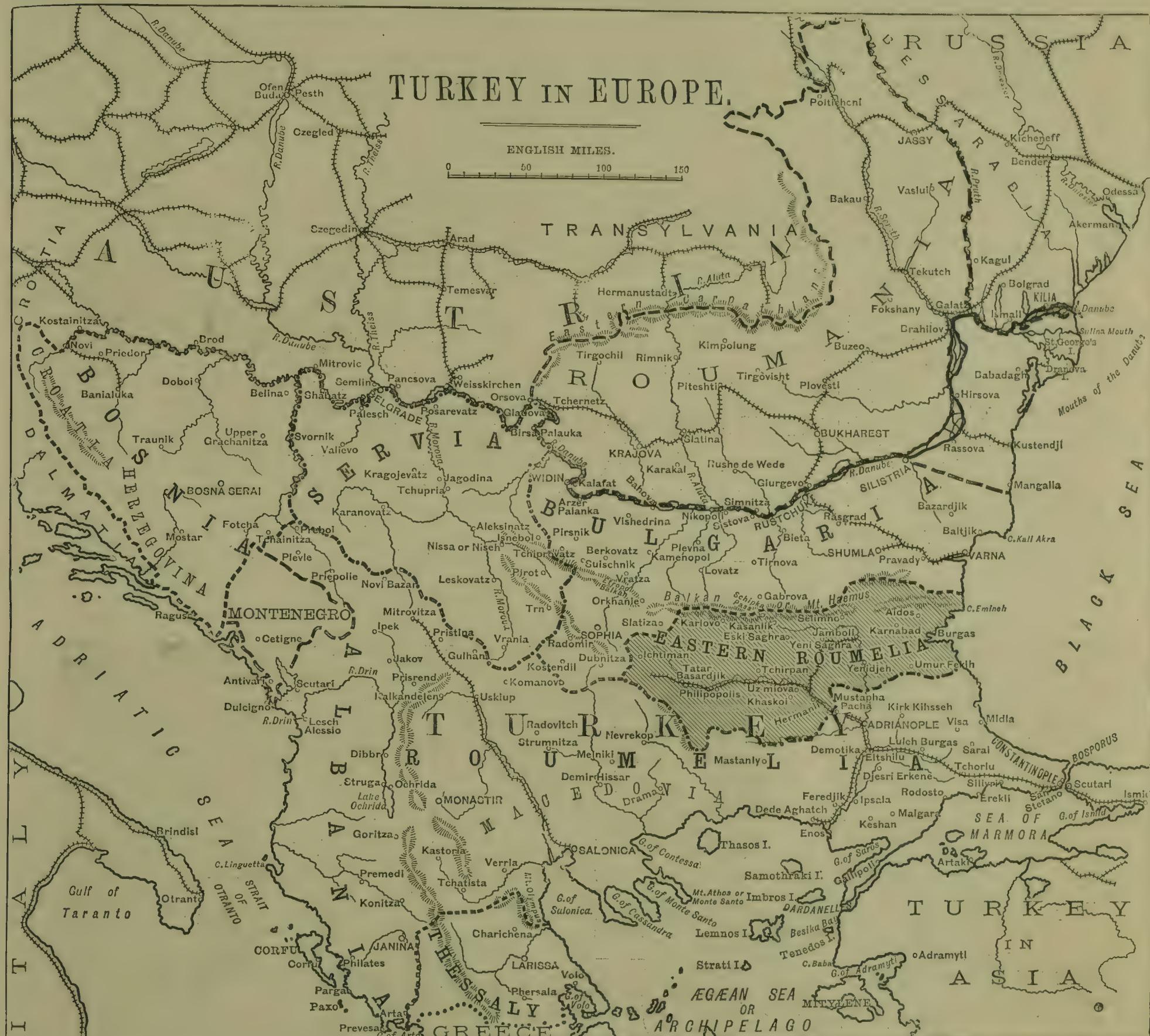
The political changes resulting from the war between Russia and Turkey in 1878, and the subsequent Treaty of Berlin, created a new independent kingdom, that of Servia, in the Balkan region, adjacent to the Austrian dominions, and allowed Bosnia and Herzegovina to be occupied by the Austrian Government, though not yet formally annexed. The Principality of Bulgaria, north of the Balkan mountains, obtained substantial independence, but the territory south of that range, though inhabited mainly by the Bulgarian people, was kept under the Sultan's rule, with a considerable degree of self-government, and received the inappropriate name of "Eastern Roumelia." In former times, when the Turkish

Empire was intact, the whole of the European dominions bore the general name of "Roumelia," derived from the ancient Roman Empire of Byzantium or Constantinople; and this title distinguished Turkey in Europe from "Anatolia" or Turkey in Asia. The remaining portion of Roumelia, westward and southward of Eastern Roumelia, and of the province of Adrianople, includes the famous old countries of Macedonia and Thrace, with the shores of the Aegean, and with the important commercial seaport of Salonica. The population of its coast towns is Greek. It is bounded to the south by Mount Olympus and Thessaly, lately ceded to the kingdom of Greece under the provisions of the Berlin Treaty. To the west, at Monastir and Prisrend, the Albanian subjects of Turkey predominate, and frequently assert a turbulent semi-independence.

## TURKEY IN EUROPE.

ENGLISH MILES.

0 50 100 150



It may be considered that Macedonia, including Thrace, with the country between Adrianople and Constantinople, and the shores of the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, and the Bosphorus, constitutes all that is now left in Europe immediately and actually under Turkish administration. This is the limited "Roumelia" of the present day, from which "Eastern Roumelia," or South Bulgaria, has already been separated, and the future possession of which is now the object of constant political intrigues. Servia, which was once a powerful and extensive kingdom, is ambitious of recovering both the north-western Turkish districts, about Novi Bazar, on the Montenegrin and Albanian borders, and the Bulgarian town of Widdin, on the Danube, which will easily be found on the map. Greece, at the same time, lays claim to the most southerly piece of Albania, the province of Janina, the ancient Epirus, which was promised to Greece at the Conferences of Berlin; and it is scarcely denied that many Greeks are desirous of obtaining Salonica and the neighbouring seacoasts, which indeed were colonised by their classical ancestors twenty-five centuries ago. It is supposed, however, that the Austrian Empire, having established its influence over King Milan of Servia, is the more inclined to favour the advancement of his territory in this direction, because the railway to Salonica, when linked with the

Servian line of railway from Belgrade, will afford commercial access for Austrian trade to the whole of the Levant. This object of Austrian policy, in itself not otherwise than commendable, ought not indeed to lead to anything like connivance at wrongful acts of violence on the part of the Servians, who threaten just now to seize by force upon what they want, at the expense of Bulgaria as well as of Turkey, alleging in excuse the prospect that Bulgaria, under Prince Alexander of Battenberg, will be unduly augmented by tolerating the Eastern Roumelian revolution. Servian troops have been hurried forward to the Bulgarian frontier, from Nish to Pirot and Trn, but have not yet invaded the neighbouring Principality. The Bulgarians have been preparing to resist a Servian invasion, and it seems doubtful whether Turkey will directly interfere between them, or will not rather employ all her forces in holding Macedonia and Adrianople. The public feeling among the educated class of the Servians is one of disquiet, whereas the people believe in speedy success, with or without war. Unhappily, this military and diplomatic turmoil, if continued, must infallibly lead to the economic ruin of Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Turkey, and is likely to imperil the stability of their Governments, perhaps even their existence. The diplomats assembled at Constantinople now seek to avert a disastrous conflict by replacing Eastern Roumelia under a separate

administration, as a dependency of the Sultan. They believe, apparently, that the Bulgarians will not offer any resistance to the proposal of the Conference to re-establish the *status quo*. Indeed, the Powers are so firm in this belief, that no resolution has yet been taken as to the means of enforcing their decisions. The intervention of Turkey is, however, talked of if they are opposed. Prince Alexander's position will present some difficulties.

Colonel Henry Russell, of Boston, has been appointed vice-president, and Mr. John Gilmer Speed, of New York, secretary, of the American Exhibition in London, to be opened next May.

Mr. Mundella, M.P., speaking at the opening of a new Board school at Leeds, expressed his conviction that the future of England depended upon the education of the children, and what he had seen that day, and in the last few years, filled him with hope and confidence that there was a great future for this country, and that we were going to do our part in civilising, Christianising, and harmonising the world by bringing the influence of English sentiment, their glorious literature, and their faith in Christian principles to bear upon the future of the whole human race.

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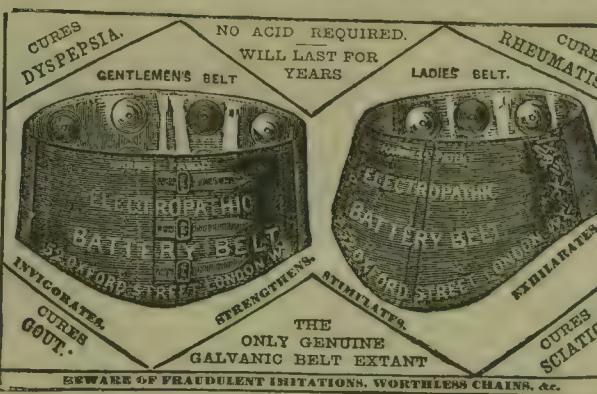
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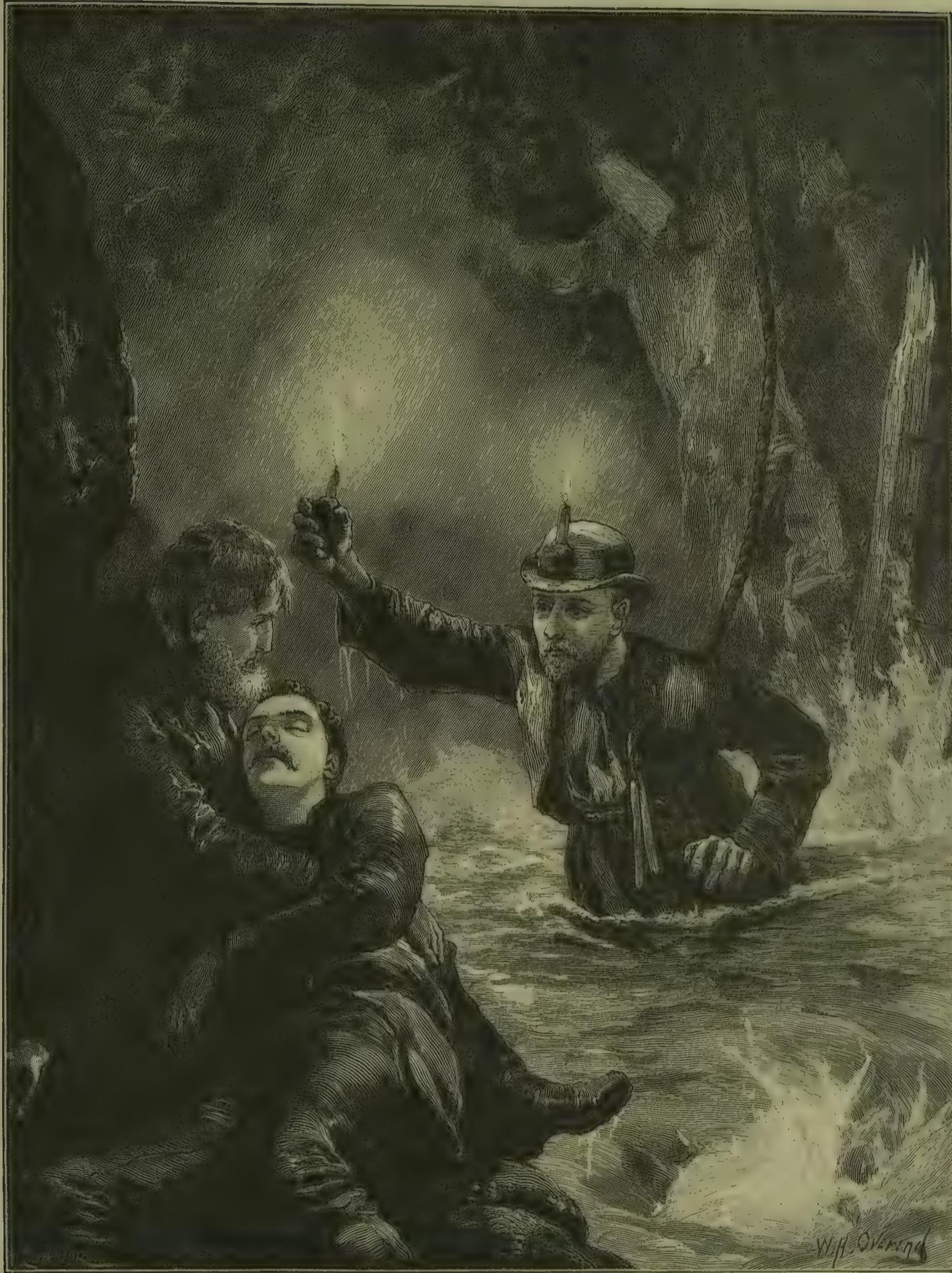
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The visions of the earth were gone and fled—  
He saw the giant Sea above his head.—Keats' *Endymion*.

began wi' 'ee! Bid them speak, then, and tell what's happened to your father!"

"Oh, Hugh, what is it?" exclaimed poor Annie, coming to my side.

I told her that the waters had flooded the mine.

"And father? where is father?" she said, with a sharp presentiment of the truth.

Michael Penmaur exchanged another rapid look with his companions, and then replied:

"Your father be dawin belaw, wi' the young master!"

My aunt uttered a scream, and threw her hands up into the air.

"Dead!" she cried, "My dream again! You ha' killed him, Annie—you ha' killed your father!"

"No, no, mother! Don't say that!"

"Speak, lads!" I said. "Tell me everything, for God's sake!"

Then Michael Penmaur, as spokesman, told me, in a few rapid words, all he knew: that in the course of the afternoon George Redruth had descended the mine in company with my uncle for the purpose of inspecting the outer galleries—my uncle, indeed, having fetched him for that very purpose; that suddenly, while all were busy below, the alarm had been given, and, throwing down their tools, the men had rushed up the ladders, while simultaneously they heard a rush and roar like the sound of the entering sea; that as they ascended in wild alarm, the lower ladder broke beneath the weight of some of the men, who were precipitated with it into

the darkness; and that, finally, when they collected at the mouth of the mine, they missed, besides several of their comrades, both George Redruth and my uncle.

I rushed to the door. By this time it was quite dark, and it was blowing hard from the south-west, with hail and rain. I thought with horror of that submarine darkness, and of those who were lying even then within it, alive or dead. My mind was made up in a moment. I did not even wait to speak to Annie or my aunt, but, calling on the men to follow me, ran right away in the direction of the mine.

The men followed me in a body. When we reached the cliffs, we found the wild news had spread, and an excited throng was gathered at the mine-head, some carrying torches, which cast lurid gleams on the rainy darkness. A heavy sea was rolling in on the strand beneath, and the white billows were flashing and crashing.

Suddenly a light hand was placed upon my arm, and turning, I saw Madeline; close to her, like a gaunt spectre, Mrs. Redruth.

"Thank God, you are here!" cried my darling. "Is there any hope?"

I looked into her white face, and saw in its wild anxiety only love for my rival; but at that supreme moment I felt no jealousy—only supreme pity for her and him. Then I glanced at his mother, and heard her quick cry of supplication,

"Save him! Save my son!"

Dazed and horrified, I turned round and addressed the men:

"Is Mr. Redruth below?"

### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### THE COMING OF THE SEA.

"What has happened?" I cried, running up and facing the terror-stricken men.

One of them, Michael Penmaur, a stalwart fellow of five-and-twenty, stepped forward and acted as spokesman.

"What you allays said would happen, Measter Hugh. The main shaft be flooded wi' the sea."

What this betokened I well knew; if the sea had entered, that portion of the mine was destroyed for ever.

"That's a bad look-out, my lads. Well, it was bound to come about; and if there is no one down below, and no life lost, perhaps 'tis all for the best."

As I spoke, I saw them look wildly at one another and whisper, and I guessed that they had something more to tell.

"What is it, lads?" I cried. "Speak!"

"Come outside, Measter Hugh," answered Michael Penmaur; "I'll tell 'ee there."

But my aunt, with a wild cry, sprang forward and grasped him by the arm.

"You shall tell it naw!" she cried. "I can see it in your face, and my dreams ha' come true. Summat's happened to my man! Hugh, make him speak! I can bear it!"

At that moment Annie entered the room, descending from the chamber above, and the moment she appeared my aunt addressed her wildly.

"You ha' come in time, Annie Pendragon. All the trouble

"Ay, ay, Measter!" they answered in chorus.  
"Who saw him last?"

"I did," said Michael Penmaur. "He were creeping wi' John Pendragon out beyond the bottom shaft." I walked to the mouth of the mine, and threw open the wooden lid. Then, kneeling down, I held my ear over the mouth, and listened. A sound like thunder—a horrible rushing and roaring—came from below. I had no doubt now that the worst had happened.

The sea had entered the mine.

There was only one chance for those below, if by any possibility they survived. Someone must descend and make an inspection, even at the risk of his life; and, without a moment's hesitation, I determined to volunteer for the task. Strange to say, my head became quite cool and clear directly my resolve was made.

"Listen, lads!" I said. "There's hope yet, and I'm going down."

A faint cheer, mingled with a terrified murmur, greeted my announcement.

"It be no use, Measter!" cried Michael Penmaur. "The ladders be clean gawn."

"I know that," I answered; "but if we can get safely down to the middle platform, I can descend from there by a rope. Run down to the office, some of you, and bring all the ropes and candles you can find."

They rushed off cheering; and, turning to those who remained, I explained my plan. Several of them, Michael Penmaur among the number, agreed to descend with me to the platform, and to lower me thence down the bottom shaft. In less time than it takes to write these lines, the messengers returned with several coils of rope, and candles; I stuck several of the latter about my person, and two or three in my wide-awake hat. Then I was ready.

I had set my foot on the first rung of the ladder, and was about to descend, when Madeline bent over me.

"God bless you," she cried, "and bring you safe back!"

I reached up, and taking her hand pressed it to my lips.

"If he lives," I said, "I'll restore him to you, and to his mother. Don't cry, Miss Graham! There's a chance yet!"

I thought her tears fell for him, and yet, strange to say, she had my sympathy; all my wild jealousy seemed to have fallen from me like a discarded garment. What was my amaze therefore when, bending over me, she took my face between her two trembling hands, and kissed me on the forehead!

"God will bring you back!" she sobbed, and turned away.

Scarcely realising the significance of what had occurred, I descended rapidly, followed by Michael and the volunteers. As I went, the roar from below increased, and the solid rock on which the ladder was set seemed to shake as with earthquake. In pitch darkness I reached the first platform.

Here I paused, and, striking a light, lit the candles on my person. My companions did the same. The lurid light lit up their pale, anxious faces, and shot faint rays down into the mine.

"Now, then, lads!" I cried, descending the second stage of ladders. Some of these were very shaky, and I had to use great caution; but I knew the way blindfold, and all my old experience of the place stood me in good stead.

At last, with no harm done to anyone, we reached the central platform. Here the roar was deafening, and the solid rock seemed splitting with the sound.

I bent over the abyss, and held down the light, using my hand as a reflector. Sure enough, several of the ladders had broken away, leaving only the precipitous shaft, steep as the sides of a well. I strained my eyes into the darkness, and fancied I discerned, far beneath, something like the gleam of dashing water! Then I shouted—but my shout was drowned in the subterranean tumult.

On the central platform was a windlass, with a portion of an old disused crane. Round this I passed one of the ropes, instructing the men to hold one end and gradually give way or draw in as I should direct. Then I took the other end, and fastened it securely under my arm-pits.

"It be now use, Measter Hugh!" cried Michael Penmaur. "Dawnt 'ee go. It be gawing to your death!"

But finding that I was not to be persuaded, the brave fellow wrung my hand, and promised to do his best to help me; nor were the others less kindly and sympathetic. As they lowered me over the platform, I partially supported myself against the slimy rocks; but the next moment I was suspended in air. Slowly, carefully, they let me down, the candle on my person flickering and flaming, and lighting up the damp and oozy walls. At last, some twenty yards down, my foot rested on a ladder, descending which I reached the lowest platform of all.

Looking up, I saw far above me, as in a narrow frame, the faces of the men. I shouted to them, but they could not hear; but I waved a signal to them, and they answered back. Then I released myself from the rope, and prepared to look around.

Suddenly my foot struck against something soft, like a body; and, stooping down, light in hand, I saw two of the miners lying among the débris of the broken ladder, stone dead, and dreadfully disfigured. One was Jem Tredgar, a colossal young fellow from Penzance, six feet high, and weighing over fifteen stone. The fall had smashed him like an egg, and death had been instantaneous.

Full of a new horror, I leant over the platform and looked down. As I did so, my head went round, and I should have fallen had I not clutched again at the rope, which swung loose close to my hands.

Right under me, flooding the bottom of the mine, roared the sea, boiling backwards and forwards with wild pulsations along the shafts and galleries through which it had broken in. A salt spume rose from it, and the walls of the shaft were dripping and dashed with clots of foam. From the point where I stood, the last ladders had been entirely washed or broken away.

The roar was deafening, but I shouted with all my might. I paused and listened; no answer came.

Again I shouted; again I paused and listened.

Suddenly, from the darkness beneath, I heard a faint voice answering me.

My heart stood still. Then, with an effort, I shouted again.

The faint cry was repeated.

"Who's there?" I called; but the sound of my voice was blown away, and only the same faint cry came in answer.

I seized the rope, and, looking up to the men above me, pointed downward; they signalled, and seemed to understand. Then I secured the rope again under my armpits, and, signalling to them to give way, swung over the platform.

My instructions to the men had been simple. When I tugged once at the rope they were to lower away, when I tugged twice they were to stop lowering, when I tugged three times, sharply, they were to haul in. The further I descended, the greater grew my peril; for the rope was not a strong one, and many of the out-jutting points of rock were sharp enough to sever it by friction; add to which, that the long swing at such a distance rendered it liable to break should there be anywhere a weak or rotten strand.

As I went down, I was conscious of flying spray and

splashing water; and when I had descended some fifteen yards, my feet touched the sea. However, I made no sign, but, entering the water, found myself waist-deep, but touching the bottom. Then I tugged twice at the rope, and looked about me.

The spot where I stood formed a sort of submerged shingle, sloping down to the deeper portions of the shafts and galleries. On every side the sea rushed and boiled. As I stood there, it surged up to my breast and extinguished the lights I carried on my person—only those escaping which were stuck, mineral-fashion, in my hat.

I shouted again, almost despairing of an answer. To my amaze, a voice answered close by, and, straining my eyes, I saw, crouching on a ledge of rock just flush with the water, two human figures.

One sat recumbent, with his head against the wall; the other lay senseless, resting his head on the first one's lap. More like gnomes or wild beasts they seemed, dripping wet, and covered with filth and ooze. But even in the faint light I recognised them.

The man sitting was my uncle, John Pendragon. The man lying senseless was George Redruth.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### THE TWO MEN.

"Hugh, my lad!" said my uncle, stretching out his hands. I waded through the water till I came close to him.

"Ay, here I am!" I answered. "Thank God you are safe; but he . . . is he dead or living?"

"Lawd knows!" was the reply. "He ha' lain like that these two hours, and I thought the waters were rising to wash us away."

So loud was the thunder on every side of us; that we had to shout at each other in order to be heard; and even our shouts sounded like mere whispers, though we were so close together.

I took a light from my hat, and reached out of the water, looked into the young master's face. It was ghastly pale, but there was a mark on the temple, as of blood. I put my hand upon his heart, and discovered that it was faintly beating.

"He lives still," I said; then, without more parley, I disengaged myself from the rope, and proceeded to make it fast to the senseless man. As I did so, the water almost swept me away, but I held on to the rock and kept my place. When the rope was firmly secured under George Redruth's armpits, I shook him sharply, and, to my joy, he opened his eyes, partially recovering from his torpor.

Then I touched the rope, and pointed upward, making signs that he was to be drawn up. He seemed scarcely to understand; but, lifting him in my arms, I placed him in position, and then tugged three times, as a signal for the men to haul in.

There was a momentary pause; then the rope tightened, and the light body began slowly to ascend. Still waist-deep in the sea, I watched it journey upwards—lax and loose as a dead thing, now rasping against the damp walls, now quivering and turning round and round; till it passed the first platform. Far, far above it, I saw the faint gleam from the spot where the men were gathered. At last it disappeared from sight, and I knew that, if life lasted, George Redruth was saved!

Then I clambered on the ledge beside my uncle, who was still lying in the same position, with his head leaning back against the dripping wall.

I took his hands in mine, and pressed them eagerly. As I did so, I saw, to my horror, that the breast of his mining-shirt was saturated with blood, that his face was ghastly white, and that there was on his lips a light stain of red.

"Are you hurt?" I said, with my lips close to his ear.

He inclined his head gently, and groaned as if in great pain.

It was neither the time nor the place to question him further; but I pressed his hand again in token of sympathy. Our eyes met, and his were full of some strange speechless sorrow.

Presently, I saw the rope descending, weighted with a small bar of iron; down it came till it touched the water's edge. I leapt down, and wading out, drew it towards the ledge.

"Uncle," I cried, "see!—it is your turn!"

And I pointed upward.

He shook his head feebly.

"Na, na, lad," he said. "Lea' me here to die!"

It was not to be thought of. Wildly, in dumb show, I besought him to make an effort to ascend, and at last he assented.

"I'll try, lad; I'll try!" he said. "But I doubt my back be broke. A lump o' rock fell on me as I were carrying young master here."

I looked at him in surprise. To tell the truth, I had had a wild suspicion, ever since the news of the accident, that it might have been caused by foul play on my uncle's part. I knew him to be mad with trouble, and if by any chance he had discovered young Redruth's guilt, God alone knew what he might have done. But if he spoke the truth, and I knew well that he was not a man to lie, I had deeply wronged him. Instead of attempting to destroy, he had actually imperilled his own life to save the betrayer of his daughter's honour.

Gently and tenderly, I secured the rope around him, but he moaned with pain as I raised him to launch him upward. As the rope tightened, he uttered a cry of agony. However, it was too late to avoid the risk, and it was the last chance.

Supporting him in my arms as long as possible, I saw him drawn upward. When his full weight fell upon the rope his agony grew terrible, and I think he fainted away; for he hung in the air like a dead man, with limbs and arms pendent. I watched him rise slowly, and felt no little anxiety lest the rope should yield beneath his weight; for he was a heavy man, compared to whom George Redruth was a very feather.

However, the rope stood the test, and he was drawn safely up the abyss. After a long interval, during which I waited in sickening terror, with the waters thundering and the rocks quaking around me, the rope again descended. I seized it, secured it under my armpits, and, giving the signal, was drawn upward.

On reaching the bottom platform, I rested a moment; then I signalled again, and rose once more into the air. By this time the lights in my hat were extinguished, and I was in total darkness; but as I gained the middle platform, half a dozen hands were stretched out to grasp me, till, tottering and trembling, I stood upon my feet.

Wildly and joyfully, the men surrounded me, almost kissing me in their rapture at my reappearance. I looked round for George Redruth. He had recovered from his faintness, they said, and had been helped by two of the men up to the mouth of the mine. But lying on the platform, his head supported on Michael Penmaur's knee, was my uncle, white and bleeding, like a man whose time had come.

I knelt by his side, and took his hand. He looked up into my face; and I saw that his eyes were filmy and dim. The air of the mine, even up there, was fetid and foul, and I saw that he breathed with difficulty.

"Hugh, my lad!" he said, faintly. "Come close—I want to whisper to 'ee. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" I cried, greatly moved. "What have I to forgive?"

"Listen, lad, and I'll tell 'ee!"

He paused, his head fell back, and I thought that he was gone; but the next moment he recovered, and gazed into my face again. Just then the two men who had gone up with George Redruth re-descended, and one of them held out to me a flask of brandy. I took it eagerly, and held it to my uncle's lips. He drank a little, and the spirit seemed to revive him.

"Hugh! are you thar, my lad?"

"Yes," I answered, fairly sobbing.

"Is that your hand in mine?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Put down your head, and listen. I be dying, sure enough, and afore I die I want to ha' your forgiveness. They would ha' hung 'ee, lad, for what I did. 'Twas I that killed the overseer!"

I had guessed as much, but when the truth came from my uncle's own lips, I started in horror. He clutched my hand, as if fearing that I would shrink away.

"'Twere all on account o' my Annie, my poor little lass. We met out on the cliff beyant the mine, and I taxed him wi' bringing her trouble upon her, and he said summat that made me murdering mad. He said she were a light lass, light and bad; and, Lawd forgive me! afore I had time to think, I struck at 'un wi' my knife! Then he staggered back . . . 'twere on the very edge of the crag . . . and the earth seemed to give way under him, and he went o'er—screaming—he went o'er to his death, on the rocks below. That was how it cam' about! I didn't mean to kill 'un, but 'twere done like a flash o' lightning—and the next marning . . . the next marning . . . they found 'un lying, dead and bloody, on the shore."

The confession came in stifled whispers, often so faint that I could scarcely hear; but other ears heard and understood it as well as mine, and when he ceased, a horrified murmur passed from man to man!

"May God forgive you!" I murmured, still bending over him.

He did not seem to hear me. His eyes were fixed on vacancy, his hand clutched mine like a vice. Suddenly he leant forward, drew his hand from mine, and pointed.

"See there!" he cried. "'Tis hisself all bloody, and beckoning wi' his finger. And wha be that standing by 'un, all in white? Annie! Annie my lass! speak to father!"

The last word died away in his throat, where it met the death rattle; there was a struggle, a last convulsion, and he fell back like a lump of lead.

I think I too must have lost my senses for a time. The next thing I remember was standing in the open air, and staggering like a drunken man, with kindly arms supporting me on either side. I looked round wildly. An excited crowd of women and men surrounded me; and close by, not far from the mine-mouth, the dead body of my uncle lay in the sunlight, with Annie and my aunt bending over it and bitterly weeping.

I sank down upon a rock, and hid my face. When I looked up again, I saw George Redruth and his mother standing near me, and with them Madeline.

The young master seemed quite himself, though greatly agitated.

"Trelawney," he said, "this is a sad affair. Well, I owe you my life."

I looked him coldly in the face; his eyes sank beneath my gaze.

"No, Sir," I replied. "You owe your life to the poor martyr lying yonder, and you know best what cause he had to love you!"

"You are right," he said. "He began the task which you completed. When the outer rock gave way, and the sea rushed in upon us, I must have fainted; and Pendragon bore me to the place where you found me. I will take care that thosse he leaves behind are well rewarded."

Again I looked him in the face.

"Too late for that," I answered.

He returned my look, with something of the old dislike. All my spirit revolted against him, thinking of the sorrow he had wrought.

"It is well for you," I said, "that John Pendragon did not know what I know. Had he done so, perhaps he would have left you to the mercy of the sea."

"What do you mean?" cried Redruth, turning pale as death.

"Ask your own heart. God has spared you, and taken a better man. Had you met with your deserts, you would be lying in his place."

"Take care, Trelawney! I owe you my life, as I said, but—"

"You owe me nothing," I returned. "I helped you, as I would have helped my bitterest enemy, at such a moment. But now that it is done, I almost wish it were undone; and you know why!"

With an impatient exclamation, he turned away.

"Come, mother! Come, Madeline! You see how this fellow hates me. I would gladly own my debt to him, but it is useless. Perhaps, when he is cooler, he will permit me to be of service to him. If not—why, I cannot help it! Come!"

Mother and son walked slowly away, but Madeline did not stir. She remained where she had been, with her gentle eyes fixed on

## UNDER THE SHADOW OF EDGEHILL.

Over the luxuriant meadowland come the echoes of the tramp of armed men, the thunder of cannon, the yell of the cruel victor, mingled with a cry of triumph, as the Royal standard falls into rebel hands; along the dusty roads one seems to hear the endless clatter of horses' hoofs, hasty commands, and shouts and huzzas from those brave volunteers who, with no other weapons of defence but pitchforks and clubs, have just joined the King's army. Fancy conjures up the country folk of whom John Inglesant speaks, crowding the high slopes and gazing with a fascinated horror on the awful scenes in the valley below—while the bells ring for service, as many a year after, those in Belgian towers chime in the soft June twilight over the trampled ripe corn and bloody battle-field of Waterloo. "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" murmurs the priest, in trembling tones; and the grief-stricken wives and mothers, who fill the dim incense-scented churches, implore, with their sweet Warwickshire accent, that God will protect the Right.

And the beacon that blazed so fiercely on the hill that chill October Sunday, and which, all the wretched night, kept from sleeping, by its terrifying glare, miserable men and women and tired little children, still stands, with its thick brick walls, in complete state of preservation, and still overlooks the beautiful country and peaceful villages set among rustling green trees, and roofed with red tiles or purple slates, which gleam like jewels in the sunshine. As the bright light flashes, conveying the news to London of the first encounter between King and Parliament, and the watch-fires burn along the Ridge, the moon rises with her gracious brilliancy, and the stars glitteringly illuminate fearful scenes of carnage. Roundhead and Cavalier groan, or shiver, or die side by side—old man and boy, lover and husband, brother and son; and yonder, in Kineton village, stern rebel commanders discuss the probable issues of the day, while Charles rests his thorn-crowned weary head a few miles away, and hopefully claims the doubtful victory.

One object on which the King's melancholy brown eyes must have rested, as, clad in velvet coat lined with ermine, and steel cap, he rode along the wooded heights, is the house of my Lord Northampton, which lies at the foot of Edgehill in a picturesque hollow, and looks to-day precisely as it must have done over two centuries ago. Built round a courtyard, with a fine bloom, (like one of Miss Austin's heroines,) on its grand grave face, draped here and there round the diamond-paned windows with Virginian creeper tinged with red, with small pointed-leaved ivy, with dark-green glossy branches of magnolia, what a paradise such a peaceful home must have appeared to his Majesty going a-fighting that misty autumn morning! How he must have noticed every small detail, down to the many-coloured flowers in my Lady's gardens—the shining lake, the liver-and-white spaniels tumbling on the lawns, the blue smoke curling from the twisted chimneys, the air of Sabbath-day repose over all!—and as he and his guards pass by, sure many a sigh rose from even the most warlike of them as they fell to thinking of the weeping wives and scared children choking down their breakfasts, or praying for father gone to fight for the King.

Not long after the battle that rumbled and roared so near and yet never touched the sturdy, battlemented walls of Compton Winyates, the wave of civil war broke against the gates, and soon, after a desperate resistance, the stately mansion was garrisoned by some of Cromwell's soldiers. As it is little used now by the present owner, one is allowed to wander through the half-empty halls and corridors, bed-rooms, and drawing-rooms; and the least imaginative of us can picture the appearance of the house when compelled to give shelter to the enemies of its master. "Here were the officers' quarters," says the guide; "this is the council-chamber; and this the ghost's room, where was found, not long ago, the skeleton—of a cavalier, it is supposed—who, living, was concealed here from the Roundheads, and starved to death in consequence of the inability of anyone to help without betraying him." "No; I've never seen the ghost. The jackdaws come down the chimney, and fill the room full of sticks, which last me as fuel in the winter; and they make a great noise, but I've never caught sight of anything worse than them—and bats and mice. Some of the Royal children, with the Queen and Prince Consort, stayed here once; and the children wrote their names and heights on the walls of their nursery. Lord Northampton was going to have the writing cut deeply in and then brased; but before he could get it done it was rubbed out accidentally."

One of the dining-halls is lined with oak, and has a well-carved mantel-piece, which panelling was brought from a curious old place belonging to the family—Canonsbury Tower, in the north of London, where Oliver Goldsmith is supposed to have written the "Vicar of Wakefield," barricaded against those distressing duns who harassed his life when in the Temple, and which was much later occupied by gentle, lovable Washington Irving, who composed there his graceful "Sketch-Book." The Tower—well worth seeing—is rented by the Young Men's Christian Association, who let rooms in the quaint house, where the Spencers entertained Queen Elizabeth, to those youths who look on Canonsbury-square as the centre of civilisation. The Miss Spencer—Sir John's only daughter—who married Sir William Compton, has a romantic history attached to her courtship, not wholly unconnected with a bread-basket; and those curious folk who would care to look at the little lady should pay a visit to St. Helen's, in Crosby-square, where, in alabaster, she kneels for ever at the feet of her stern parents.

The shadow of the battle fell across the hearths of most of the houses, great and small, that stood about Edgehill, and the tears and anguish, in tapestried grange or manor, were echoed in overhanging yellow-washed thatched cottages. Five thousand Englishmen, 't is said, were slain that day—brothers fighting each other, fathers against sons. It was not the last time the moonlight touched dead forms lying unshaven and unburied in the fragrant English meadows, in crushed clover or yellow rag-wort dyed a dull red; for the horrors of war had but just begun. That brook that trickles by the side of the hedges once ran with blood; this mound, on which grow three tall elms, covers the mortal remains of many a brave, bold soldier; that field was the scene of the capture of Lord Lindsey, and is where the King himself was in the utmost danger. Indeed, it is difficult to-day to believe such things were in these green, secluded meadows and silent hills, where the harshest sounds are the rooks gravely cawing from the swaying trees, or the few sweet notes of a robin's trill. Children call to each other in the fading light; cottage doors are closing; mists are rising from the valley; the sun sinks with its brilliant-lined attendant colours; church bells solemnly clang the hour; and strife, and cruel passions, and wild ambitions should have no place here.

The *Gazette* announces that the Queen has conferred the decoration of the Royal Red Cross upon the undermentioned Nursing Sisters:—Miss M. C. Jerrard, Miss H. King, Miss S. Ireland, Miss J. M. C. Barker, Miss S. F. Hart, Miss M. C. F. K. Cole, Miss R. M. Burleigh, Miss L. Parsons, Miss A. Hind, Miss C. L. Byam, Miss R. Williams.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.  
VIATOR (London).—A covering piece can give check to the adverse King. In the case you cite, the Black King is in check.  
S. B. (Stamford-hill).—The King can "castl," no matter how often it has been "checked," provided it has not been moved.  
H. T. H.—Unintentionally the same problem was sent to both papers by the honorary secretary of the association. No body is injured.  
W. B. (Great St. Helen's).—Thanks for your clear and correct solution of the "Sirdar's" puzzle.  
P. B. (Dublin).—Many thanks for report and game. Both arrived too late, however, to be inserted last week. Except under special circumstances, the column is set to press on Monday.  
CHECKMATE.—We have not the file at hand, and cannot answer your question without a diagram of the problem before us.  
F. F. D.—The 11th move is Kt to K B 6th.  
CHILEAN (Liverpool).—Wish you bon voyage.

J. A. G. S. (Babu dees).—The newspaper has not come to hand. We presume that, like your letter, it was incorrectly addressed. Please observe the directions at the head of this column.

A. R. (Guildford).—There is no flaw in No. 2169, and there is a good answer to the move you suggest, but we cannot publish it without disclosing the solution of the problem.

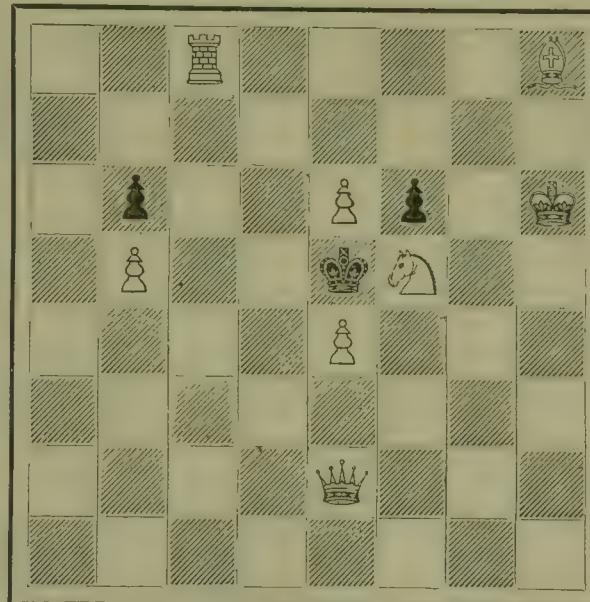
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2157, 2158 received from J. S. Legan (Blackburn, Natal); of Nos. 2156 to 2161 from O. H. Bate (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2166 from F. E. Gibbons (Tiffis) and C. Belton (Tiffis); of No. 2167 from M. H. Morphouse, T. G. (Ware), Dabbash; of No. 2168 from Casino National, Henry F. Rishworth, Thomas Chown, H. J. Adams, Fred MacCabe, T. Sinclair, W. P. Welch, A. Douthwaite, and Emily Frau.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2169 received from T. Sinclair, L. Falcon (Antwerp), E. J. Winter Wood, H. Reeve, W. Hillier, Ben Nevis, L. L. Greenaway, Emmo (Darlington), N. S. Harris, H. T. H., R. Tweddell, S. Ballen, W. Wardell, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), E. Elsbury, L. Wyman, G. W. Law, C. S. Cox, A. G. Hunt, E. Loudon, Joseph Ainsworth, A. W. Scruton, Henry E. Woods, W. Biddle, G. C. H., Otto Fulcher (Ghent), R. L. Southwell, Nerine, F. Marshall, A. Bruin, F. F. Pott, E. H. C. Darragh, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, J. K. (South Hampstead), F. Casella (Paris), Emily Frau, Jane Pilkington, Edmund Field, Jupiter Junior, E. Featherstone, B. R. Wood, Shadforth, and Laura Greaves.

## PROBLEM NO. 2171.

By F. F. POTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

## THE IRISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Played in the chief Tourney of the Irish Chess Association between Mr. W. W. Mackeson, Q.C., of London, and Mr. Porterfield Rynd, of Dublin. The notes appended are by Mr. Rynd.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th
3. P to K 5th	P to Q B 4th
4. B to Kt 5th (ch)	Kt to Q B 3rd
5. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Q 2nd
6. B takes Kt	B takes B
7. Castles	B to K 2nd
8. P to Q 4th	Kt to R 3rd
9. K to R sq	B to Q 4th

The initiation of an attack which is strong while it lasts, and difficult to be met, but nevertheless premature. It is certain, when over, to leave the second player again on the defence.

10. R to Kt sq	Q to Kt 3rd
11. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th
12. Q to Q 2nd	B to R 3rd

In his endeavour to sustain the attack, Mr. Rynd is compelled to place the Bishop on a square from which it will be difficult to remove him.

13. P to K R 3rd	P to R 4th
14. P to Kt 3rd	

Mr. Mackeson averts all dangers most skilfully.

14. P takes P	
15. Kt to Q R 4th	Q to B 3rd
16. P to Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th
17. Kt takes P	Q to B sq

It is doubtful whether Black, on this or his 15th move, selected the best square for his Queen.

18. Kt to Kt 2nd	Kt to R 3rd
19. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to B 4th

An untenable advance, which occasions the loss of two moves to Black at a critical juncture. White has repulsed the attack, and the position is in his favour.

20. K to Kt 2nd	Kt to R 5th (ch)
21. P to Kt 2nd	Kt to R 3rd
22. P to Q R 4th	P to Kt 2nd
23. K R to Q B sq	Q to K 2nd
24. K to Kt sq	Castles
25. P to B 3rd	K R to B sq
26. Q to K 2nd	P to Kt 3rd
27. P to R 5th	R to B 5th
28. K to Kt 4th	

A menace that must be promptly attended to. White threatens to mass all his forces on the K. R. file, to co-operate with the Bishop.

28.	P takes P
29. P takes P	K to Kt 2nd
30. Q to Kt 2nd	Q R to K R sq
31. K to Kt 2nd	

This position of the King is useful to Black.

31.	K R to B sq
32. R to K R sq	R to R 2nd
33. P to Kt 5th	Kt to B 4th
34. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
35. R to K R sq (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
36. Kt takes Kt (ch)	K P takes Kt
37. P to K (th)	P to Q 5th (ch)

A winning resource.

38. K to B sq	Q takes P
39. Q takes Q	P takes Q
40. R to R 2nd	P takes P
41. B to R sq	B takes P
42. Kt to Q 3rd	B takes P
43. Kt to K 5th	R to K R sq
44. R to Q 2nd	

An oversight, of course. Black's Pawns, however, should win in any case.

45.	R to R 8th (ch), and White resigned.
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The result of the different tourneys of the Irish Chess Association is as follows:—

I. CHESS TOURNAMENT.—Open to all members of the I.C.A., and conducted on the same rules (with modifications) as those of the London International Tournament of 1883. Entrance fee, £1. First prize, £5, W. H. K. Pollock; second prize, £5, Porterfield Rynd; third, £3, John Murphy.

II. HANDICAP TOURNAMENT.—Open to all members of the I.C.A. Entrance fee, 10s. First prize, £3, Porterfield Rynd; second, £2, W. H. K. Pollock; third, £1, Parker Duncombe.

III. CLUB TOURNAMENT.—Open to all clubs federated with the I.C.A. Entrance free. Honorary prize, a set of Staunton pattern chessmen, value £2. St. Patrick's Chess Club, team No. 1. Four teams competed—viz., the Dublin University, the St. Patrick's Nos. 1 and 2, and the Richmond.

IV. PROBLEM TOURNAMENT. V. END-GAME TOURNAMENT.—To be decided after the publication of the competing positions. Prizes amounting to £8 are offered.

VI. SOLUTION TOURNAMENT.—For the quickest and most correct set of solutions to the problems submitted to be solved at the meeting. For three-move solutions: first prize, chess work, value 1s, Porterfield Rynd; second, chess work, 10s 6d, J. C. Newsome. For two-move solutions: first prize, work, 10s 6d, W. H. Pollock; second, work, 7s 6d, J. C. Newsome. Honorary prize, Master K. A. Rynd.

The prizes were distributed by Mrs. T. B. Rowland.

A match between the Atheneum (Camden Town) and Brighton Chess Clubs was played at the rooms of the latter on the 17th inst., twelve players on a side. Brighton scored 7½, including one game adjudicated, and the Atheneum 4½.

The third annual meeting of the Surrey County Chess Association was held at South Norwood last Tuesday evening, when a satisfactory report and financial statement were presented and adopted. Captain Beaumont was elected president, and Mr. Leonard P. Eeles, of Anerley, and Mr. G. J. Clarke, of Arundel Lodge, the joint secretaries. The Silver Trophy was presented to the Brixton Chess Club, Mr. D. Y. Mills, of South Norwood Chess Club, winning the Challenge Cup. Three matches were sanctioned, and the usual Club Trophy and Challenge Cup competitions inaugurated. The secretaries will be pleased to furnish any information with regard to membership or any other point.

## NOVELS.

Readers who have been recommended by their medical advisers to avoid all causes of excitement may safely venture upon *Mrs. Hollyer*: by Georgiana M. Craik (Richard Bentley and Son), which, clever as it undoubtedly is, perfect reproduction as it is of ordinary characters and ordinary life, to the faintest shade, to the most infinitesimal particular, has not the wherewithal to quicken one single pulsation from the beginning to the end of the three volumes. This is not mentioned as a defect, but simply as a fact, which may possibly have a recom-mendatory rather than deterrent effect. Here is the gist of the tale, in a few sentences. Nine young persons, including a lovely coquette, as bold as brass, a self-efacing maiden, as shy as a bird, and a handsome youth, strong as a horse, shy as the aforesaid maiden almost, honest as the day, simple as a child, and silly as Scholasticus or Dogberry, agree to meet again ten years hence, if they be alive and in a position to do so, under the very tree where they are sitting and chatting at the opening of the story. They have been staying together for a fortnight at a country-house, and during that time the lovely coquette has managed to twist the handsome youth round her little finger, without actually caring a jot for him, whilst the shy maiden, of whose presence he has scarcely been conscious, has involuntarily lost her heart to him. His name is Keith Hollyer. Now, which of the two girls becomes Mrs. Hollyer? He goes away to California for the ten years, during which he dreams o' nights and o' days (when he has time to dream) of the lovely coquette, who, he believes in his soul, was not indifferent to him, and who is the first person he desires to see on his return to England; he rushes to the trysting-place, and there—by the tree—he sees the only other one of the nine who has kept the appointment, and that other one is—the shy maiden, not the coquette. From the shy one, who is not now so shy and has grown quite handsome, he learns that the lovely coquette has made a very prudent, not to say a very artful, but at any rate a very peculiarly advantageous, marriage during his absence, and his spirits naturally go down within him, but they naturally go up again when he learns that she has been left a widow. He calls upon her and reminds her of old times; and that visit may be said to decide his fate and to give cause for the title bestowed upon the novel. Who becomes Mrs. Hollyer, and how the result is effected, there is no need to tell; perhaps things may turn out contrary to an unsophisticated reader's expectations; but then the reader must be very unsophisticated. It is a good story, well and sympathetically told; its drawbacks are tameness and diffuseness, though there is some lively conversation and some piquant description or illustration of character.

Nobody, or at any rate no true woman, can fail to be pleased with *Sisters-in-Law*: by Lady Margaret Majendie (Richard Bentley and Son), which is a very pretty story indeed, with abundant pathos and with a modicum of real power. Its faults are of construction: too many characters, not sufficiently inter-dependent, having their several parts in the drama not properly subordinated, are calculated to worry and confuse a reader. And yet the characters are, all and sundry, more especially the women, so well conceived, so interesting in themselves, so admirably described, whether amusingly or touchingly, that it were ungrateful and ungracious to wish that they were fewer in number, or that the writer had been less careful to give them all their turn, and had singled out some particular pair for the reader's attention to be concentrated upon. The palm of excellence, as shall be maintained at the point or nibs of a quill pen, must be assigned to a very humble and humble-minded personage, a linen-draper's very much better-half, a wife and a mother, who is a model in both these capacities, and who, as a woman altogether, is an honour to her sex, and does honour to the writer's truthful and at the same time fine conception. There are such modest, retiring, simple, dutiful, gentle, and yet morally strong and indomitable women; and they are the salt of the earth. As for the aristocratic young lady, with her pretty airs and graces, and affectations and humours, who is intended apparently to be the heroine of the story (if indeed there be any particular heroine), who did not or would not know her own mind, and who nearly wrecked the life and happiness of a young lord, in the truest sense a nobleman, she is very skilfully delineated, no doubt, and she is decidedly amusing and by no means uninteresting; but, if she tried—as she did try—the patience of her indulgent father and her most amiable mother, a mere reviewer, not of aristocratic birth or connections, may perhaps be excused for believing in his secret heart that what that high-born damsel really wanted (in the conventional sense) was the operation vulgarly known as a "good spanking." Yet even she and her conduct may be a source of consolation to many a desponding suitor who may happen to read of her; for she actually plays fast and loose with a young and handsome young peer of the realm, whose revenues are £60,000 a year. This being so, there should be comfort and encouragement for the impecunious lover under the most outrageous and dispiriting treatment. As for the cross-grained old lady, a lord's own sister, who is continually saying caustic things and (intentionally) rubbing everybody the wrong way, she is as good as a play, whilst there is something very pathetic in the explanation, vouchsafed at last, of her chronic cantankerousness. That the story is, on the whole, a little more gloomy and tearful than most readers of romances like, is true, and pity 'tis 'tis true; but, if there are many clouds, there is a fair allowance of sunshine, and, above all, the end is bright and satisfactory.

Five original, well-written, interesting short stories are collected together in the volume entitled *Lindenblumen*: by Rowland Grey (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.); they will not take long to read, and they are quite worth the while. The most thrilling is the first, which is called "Madame Rebelle," a story of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870; it is said to be "founded on fact," but what difference that makes is not easy to understand, though there may be readers who will discover some virtue in the fact. The prettiest is the second, called "The Doctor's Mascotte," in which a little invalid acts the part of her medical attendant's good fairy. The shortest and most pathetic is the third, called "White Rose," in which the one little secret of a gallant soldier's life is revealed. The most pretentious



LIME-CUTTING IN INDIA.



FROM THE OLD HOME TO THE NEW.—DRAWN BY W. RAINES.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 28, 1880), with a codicil (dated July 23, 1885), of Mr. Sidney Locock, her Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Brazil, late of No. 22, Gloucester-square, Hyde Park, who died on Aug. 30 last, at No. 22, Southwick-street, Hyde Park, was proved on the 19th inst. by Sir Charles Brodie Locock, Bart., and the Rev. Alfred Henry Locock, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £115,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, jewellery, plate, pictures, household effects, horses and carriages, and £500 to his wife; £6000 to each of his children other than his daughter Amy Caroline, on whom he settled £10,000 at her marriage; and legacies to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, she maintaining and educating, if need be, his sons under twenty-four, and his daughters under thirty or until marriage, and at her death for his issue as she shall appoint.

The will of Don Juan Forgas y Bayo, late of Caldas de Estrach, Catalonia, Spain, merchant, who died on Jan. 3 last, was proved in London on the 14th inst. by Ernest Rüffer, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English Court amounting to over £98,000. The testator bequeaths 30,000 pesetas to the Hospital of Bagur; he directs that for one year after his death on one day in each week there shall be given to all the poor of Bagur who shall present themselves a 1lb. loaf in alms; and there are legacies to relatives and others. Subject to these bequests, he gives all his movable and immovable property to his nephew, Jose Gallart, and he appoints him his heir.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1884), with a codicil (dated Jan. 27, 1885), of Mr. William Dilke, late of Chichester, who died on Aug. 30 last, was proved on the 19th inst. by the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart., the great-nephew, and Robert George Raper, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £50,000. The testator mentions that his daughters, Mrs. Henrietta Maria Letitia Grant and Miss Emma Georgiana Dilke, are amply provided for by settlements, and he now leaves, upon trust, for them, in addition, some Turkish Bonds and a mortgage for £1000: ultimately these trust funds are to go to his seven grandchildren, the children of his daughter Mrs. Grant. He gives a small freehold property in Wandsworth-road to Sir Charles W. Dilke; his house and premises at Chichester, upon trust, to allow his servant, Elizabeth Johnson, to reside there for two years after his death, and for such longer period as she may desire, then for his daughter Miss Dilke, so long as she may wish to reside there, and then to the said Robert George Raper, in token of their friendship of many years' standing; his Brighton Railway Debenture Stock and a mortgage security, upon trust, to pay the income to the said Elizabeth Johnson so long as she resides at his house at Chichester, then to his daughter Miss Dilke, for life; and at her death, as to the railway stock, for Sir Charles W. Dilke; and as to the mortgage security, upon further trust for his daughter Mrs. Grant and her children; and there are special gifts to grandchildren, and other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to the said Elizabeth Johnson, and he expresses his grateful thanks to her for her care of his late wife.

The will (dated April 21, 1884), with a codicil (dated Jan. 22, 1885), of Mr. Francis Aylmer Frost, late of Reddish, near Manchester, who died on July 2 last, was proved on the 6th inst. by Edmund Frost, Robert Frost, and Francis Aylmer

Frost, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £50,000. The testator gives his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages to his four children; £12,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mary; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his said three sons.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1885) of the Rev. John Griffiths, D.D., Keeper of the Archives of the University of Oxford, formerly Warden of Wadham College, late of No. 63, St. Giles's, Oxford, who died on Aug. 14 last, was proved on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Joseph Hulme and Thomas Mosley Crowder, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. There are special gifts of his two houses in St. Giles's to his niece, Mrs. Margaret Georgiana Arnott; and of certain gas stocks, upon trust, for Dr. Richard Stainer Davy, the husband of his late niece Elizabeth, and her issue; and legacies to relatives, friends, and executors. As to the residue of the real and personal estate, one moiety is to be, upon trust, for his said niece Mrs. M. G. Arnott; and the other moiety, upon trust, for the said Dr. R. S. Davy for life, and then for the issue of testator's late niece Elizabeth, as Dr. Davy shall appoint.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 14, 1885), of Mrs. Bridget Margaret Buller, late of No. 36, Bryanston-square, and of Eric Hall, Plympton, Devon, who died on Aug. 18 last, was proved on the 8th inst. by Colonel James Hornby Buller and Miss Helen Sophia Macgregor, the sister, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testatrix gives legacies to her own and her late husband's relatives, and to servants; she also bequeaths £100 each, free of duty, to the Sussex County Hospital, at Brighton; the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton; and the Free Cancer Hospital, Fulham-road.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1884) of General Sir Alfred Hastings Horsford, G.C.B., Colonel Commandant of the Rifle Brigade, late of No. 46, Albemarle-street, who died on the 13th ult., at Belmaduthy House, Munlochy, Ross-shire, was proved on the 12th inst. by Major Thomas Hugh Cockburn and William Gordon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £10,000. The testator gives all his property to his sisters—Mrs. Georgina Twysden, Mrs. Emma Appleyard, and Mrs. Laura Lowther, in equal shares.

## LIME-CUTTING IN INDIA.

Most of the gallant exercises of military horsemen wielding the lance or the sabre, which have found acceptance, more especially, among the officers and non-commissioned officers of British cavalry regiments, and are frequently exhibited at their social entertainments, seem to be of Asiatic origin, and have been learnt during service in India. That of slicing a lime-fruit, or any other suitable object, stuck on the end of a stick fixed in the ground, while the performer gallops by at full speed, is one of the most approved feats of a mounted swordsman's skill. It is the subject of an illustration, drawn from a sketch by a military correspondent in India, which is presented on another page. The officers, it will be observed, belong to a regiment of Lancers.

The Goldsmiths' Company have given £25 to the funds of the Thames Church Mission.

Vice-Admiral Brandreth, Controller of the Navy, has been appointed President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, in succession to Vice-Admiral Luard, whose term of office is about to expire.

## FROM THE OLD HOME TO THE NEW.

The removal of a family from one house to another is a revolution in domestic life, when the "old home," during many past years, has been the scene of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, touching the dearest personal affections, and perhaps of one of those events, the death of the nearest companions and closest relations, which strike across the main current of human affections. This old man cannot but feel deeply the quitting an abode where he lost the wife of his youth, and from which all his grown-up children, except one faithful daughter, set forth in turn, one after another, to find places for themselves in the world. He and his daughter have decided to leave the little farm which he is no longer able to cultivate, and to dwell in the village, where her skill in dress-making will help to support them both. Their simple furniture and boxes of clothing have been placed on a cart, which is just now passing over the brow of the hill, while they have set forth to walk behind the vehicle, as it is but a short distance. Fifty yards more would bring them out of sight of the valley in which the "old home" is situated; of the trees surrounding the house where Mary and all her brothers and sisters were born, and of the church tower rising above the parish graveyard in which all that was mortal of her mother was laid. The old man stops for a few minutes of tender and solemn meditation, seating himself by the roadside, and gazing intently at a familiar scene which he will often revisit in his remaining days, if health and strength be granted him awhile. The young woman, standing beside her father, and laying her gentle hand on his shoulder, looks down with loving sympathy and soft regret for what she has herself lost; but she has a brave and hopeful spirit, which will cheer them in their "new home," where her favourite bird, in the cage that she is carrying there, will sing as sweetly as he used to do.

The Law Courts, which were closed during the Long Vacation, were reopened on Monday.

Lady Fanny Majoribanks laid on the 22nd inst. the memorial-stone of a new harbour at Eyemouth, Berwickshire. For the work £25,000, repayable in thirty years, was obtained from the Public Works Loan Board. The harbour will accommodate one hundred more boats.

We have no wish to say anything in disparagement of *Scenes from Shakespeare for the Young* (Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, and 24, New Bond-street), edited by Mr. Charles Alias and illustrated by Mr. Herbert Sidney, and we are willing to believe that they are designed to meet the growing taste for dramatic tableaux at Christmas and other parties. It is, of course, of no little importance that children or young people should know something about Shakespeare's characters, the times in which they lived, and the costumes they wore. We must, however, enter a protest on behalf of the youthful actors and actresses against the choice of parts selected for them. The highest strain of pathos, as reached in the parting of Cordelia from her father, the prison-scene between Hubert and Prince Arthur, or Ophelia's madness, are as little within the parts of children-actors as the dramatic episode of the Ghost of Banquo at the banquet, Othello striking Desdemona in the presence of the Venetian envoy, or Romeo and Juliet in Friar Laurence's cell. There are plenty of scenes in Shakespeare's comedies suitable both for young people and for dramatic tableaux, especially at a season of festivity, without having recourse to the darkest moods of the tragic muse.

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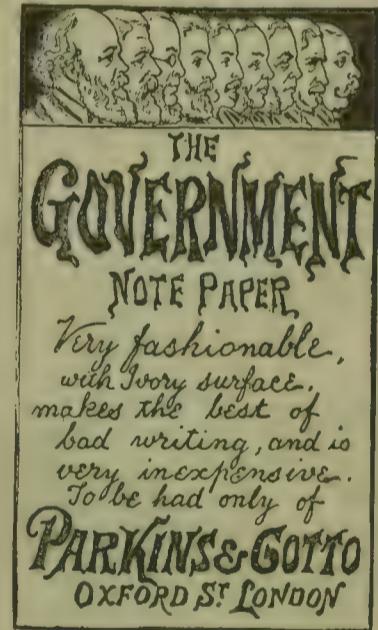
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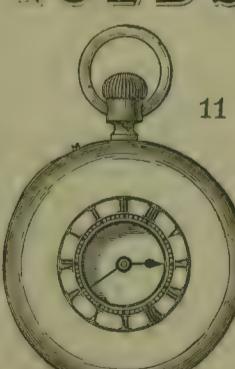
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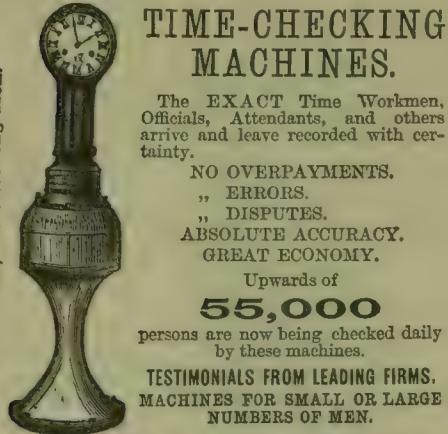
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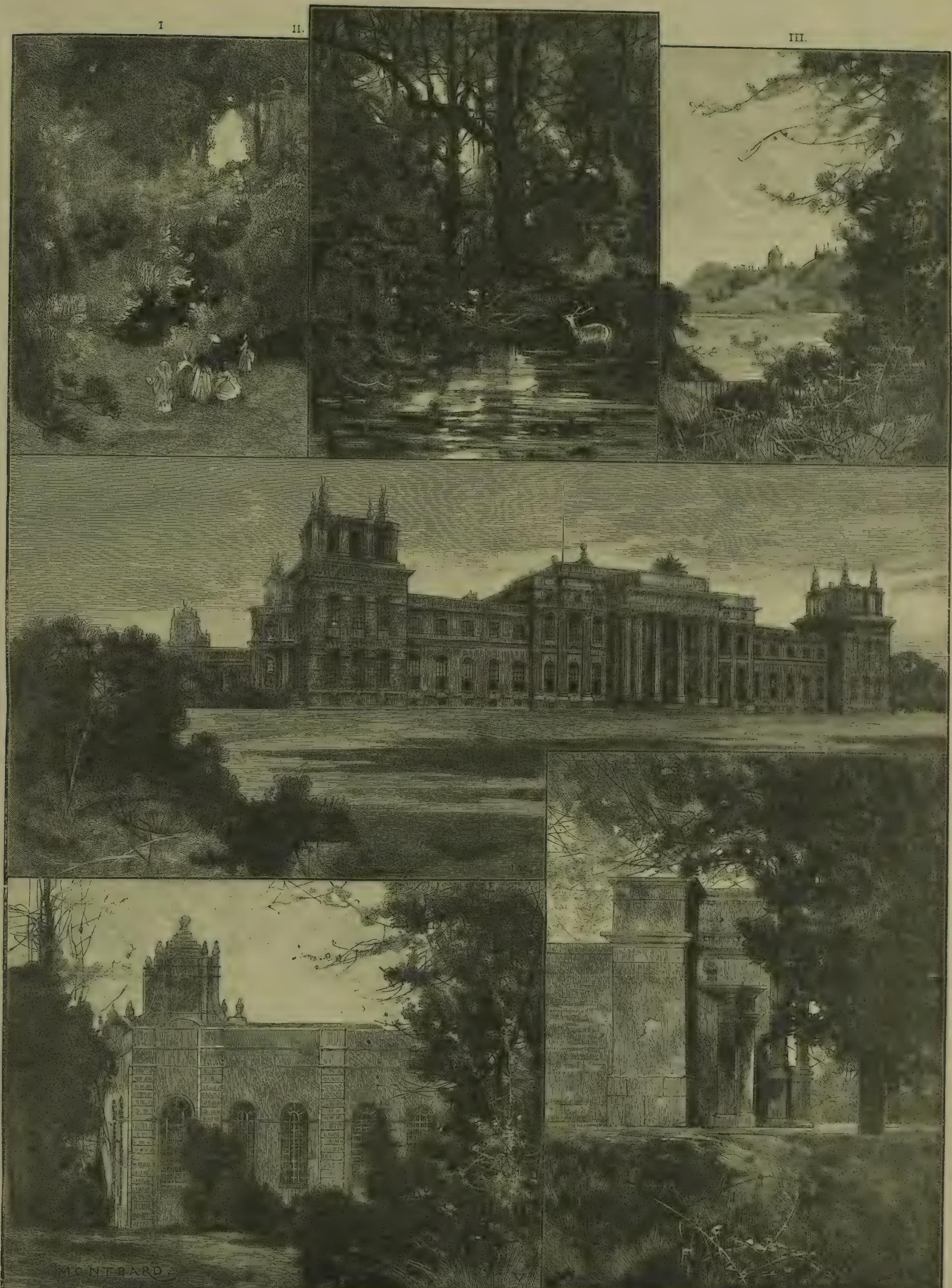
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I. A quiet corner near the lake.  
II. One of the springs of the lake.

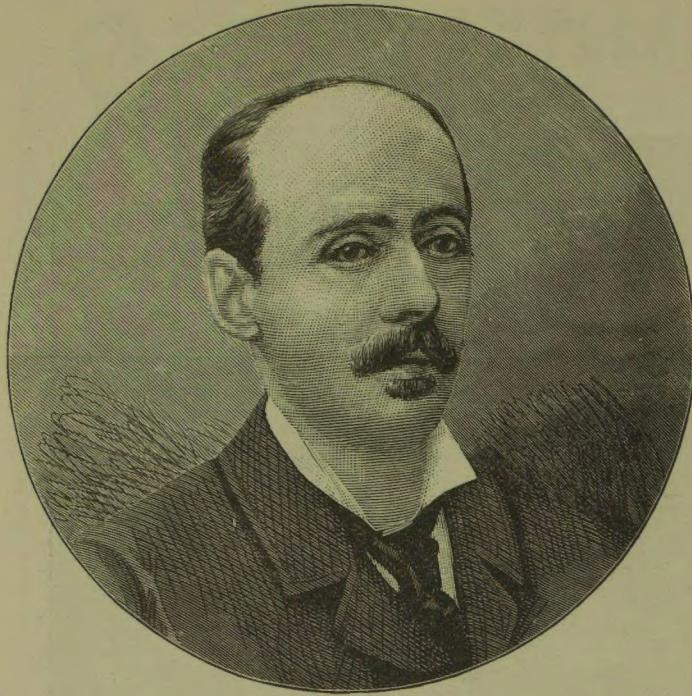
III. View of the palace from the upper end of the private gardens.  
IV. South, or garden front.

V. The Chapel.  
VI. Entrance-gate of the park.

## ENGLISH HOMES.

No. IV.

## Blenheim.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE GREY LITTLE TOWN OF WOODSTOCK—compact, tidy, rather foreign-looking in its lack of colour—ends in a square stone-walled court, whereof one side is chiefly taken up by the high archway through which is the principal entrance to Blenheim. It is a roundabout journey for the traveller, say from London, who would visit the great Palace by Woodstock; but at least the end of it is easily found. From Paddington one travels by the fortunate line which leads to Shakespeare's Stratford, to Royal Windsor, to Oxford, and to Blenheim. At Oxford you have to change, and a very sober little train carries you along to the next station, Woodstock-road; and then to Woodstock itself is a journey of two miles and a half—in a narrow omnibus, with the red-lettered title of *Royal Mail*, with the tiniest of conductors and the youngest of coachmen—along the broad roads of flat and woody Oxfordshire, and into the town, whose curving main street leads directly, without possibility of escape, into the aforesaid stone courtyard; and there it ends, and with it the town.

At the beginning of Woodstock we have passed Hensington Gate, a private entrance to the park; the gate in the courtyard is called the Triumphal Arch, and is the main public entrance. It is a high and solid archway, with Corinthian columns, and was built in memory of the great Duke by his widow, as an inscription in Latin and English testifies: *jussu atque auspiciis Saræ conjugis dilectissimæ, it says, ut perenne esset ipsius gloria suæque dilectionis monumentum.* So mote it be!

Entering the park, by a road which after a while strikes into the splendid avenue leading from Hensington Gate to the palace, one is first impressed with the size of the whole thing. Figures seldom convey a very vivid impression; and it is hardly until one has passed through the archway and caught perhaps a distant glimpse of the palace, that one realises "what like," as the Scotch say, the beginning of a park of three thousand acres may be. One sees the lower bend of the lake, cut off by the fine bridge which bars the "waterscape" from its broad upper sweep to westward of the palace: on the other side—to one's left and in front of one—the view is indeed bounded, partly by the obvious limits of the park, partly by the great elm avenue straight ahead; but beyond the water there is only the stretch of trees, that hides all but a tower here and there of the building, and to north and west sweeps of grass, and groups and lines of forest of which one can see no boundary; even from the palace, indeed, it is only now and again that the glimpse of a village church reminds one that the world is not all Blenheim Park.

If it is the first quality of a palace to be palatial, there is, surely, none in England to equal Blenheim. Windsor Castle strikes one first as a castle rather than a palace; Buckingham Palace is quite out of the question; there is no other, I believe, of the size or the stateliness of Blenheim. A palace of palaces, standing in a park of parks, it was a worthy present from a great nation to its great warrior. Its grand north front stands back, with arcades sweeping down to the two courts which open out from the main entrance; at its foot lies the great bridge across the lake, and it faces on the opposite height the Column of Victory, backed by the avenue stretching to the northern entrance of the park, two miles away. The yellow buildings stand out, against the grass and trees and the pale English sky, with something of a Roman stateliness; it must have been partly from Italy that Vanbrugh drew his inspiration—with enough that is florid and faulty, there is yet a real dignity in this his masterpiece.

It was in 1704, as soon as might be after the glorious 2nd of August, that an address was presented to Queen Anne by the House of Commons, "soliciting her to consider of proper means for perpetuating the memory of the great services performed by John, Duke of Marlborough." The Duke—then in his fifty-fifth year—had long been one of the most famous soldiers of the age. Thirty years before, Turenne, one of his masters in the art of war, had prophesied great things of the "handsome Englishman"; after the siege of Maestricht he had received the thanks of the Grand Monarque at the head of his army; Charles II. had raised him to the Scotch Peerage as Baron Churchill, of Aymouth; James II. made him an English Peer, with the title of Baron Churchill; and William III. created him Earl of Marlborough, afterwards appointing him preceptor to the heir-presumptive to the Crown (the Duke of Gloucester, son of Princess Anne) with these memorable words, "My Lord, make my nephew to resemble yourself, and he will be everything which I can desire." Early in 1704 he was created Duke of Marlborough, in acknowledgment of his services as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in Flanders, where he had taken fortresses designed by Vauban and held by the best troops—Venloo, Ruremont, Stoevenswart, Liège, all thought to be impregnable, fell before him in 1702. And, as an ambassador, as a statesman, he ruled the movements of the Grand Alliance—"the greatest general, the greatest minister, that our country or any other has produced," said Bolingbroke.

Yet it may be said that Blenheim was the first pitched battle of European fame that he won—the first of the wonderful series that Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet completed. Fought, as I have said, on the 2nd of August, 1704, it entirely dispersed

an army composed of the finest troops of France and Bavaria—"A Marshal of France, whose legions of French, his prisoners, proclaimed his mercy," says the inscription on his monument in the park, "Bavaria was subdued, Itatisbon, Augsburg, Ulm, Memmingen, all the usurpations of the enemy were restored." The nation was enthusiastic, the Queen glad to satisfy the pride of her ambitious counsellor; the proposed testimonial of national gratitude was perhaps, it is said, the first public monument raised to the glory of an individual—it has had only one successor in its kind: Strathfieldsay, given in like fashion to Marlborough's only rival, Wellington.

So Queen Anne informed her Parliament that she had resolved to bestow upon the Duke of Marlborough and his heirs the interest of the Crown in the manor and honour of Woodstock and the honour of Wootton, and she proceeded to erect in Woodstock Park a palace, of which Sir John Vanbrugh—a personal friend of Marlborough—was to be the architect. This palace was to be built at the Royal expense, and to bear the name of the Castle of Blenheim; the tenure is by presentation

of a flag, and a great collection of these flags is now to be seen at Windsor Castle. The Queen seems to have paid altogether £240,000 of the cost of building. While she lived, its expense was included in her debts, as part of the Civil List sanctioned by Parliament; and after her death the debt was declared hers, and the King granted a privy seal for it; but the building dragged on until twenty years later, and was not finished until both Queen and Duke were dead. Ultimately, it is said, the Marlborough family paid at least sixty thousand pounds of the cost of erection.

In his "Curiosities of Literature," D'Israeli gives a "Secret History of the Building of Blenheim," which, while apparently quite true, is very amusing, and has even a certain touch of pathos. It was a long-drawn battle, it would seem, between the architect and the Duke; or rather, as D'Israeli prefers to put it, a comedy whose many acts were filled with the intrigues of Vanbrugh (the skilled inventor of comic plots) to get from the wary old soldier that payment, for himself and his workmen, which he apparently could not get from the nation. The dramatist's constant object was to obtain from Marlborough something which might be construed into an acknowledgment that he was responsible for the undertaking. But "however much the Duke longed to see the magnificent edifice concluded, he showed the same calm intrepidity in the building of Blenheim as he had in the field of action. Aware that if he himself gave any order, or suggested any alteration, he might be involved in the expense of the building, he was never to be circumvented—never to be surprised into a spontaneous emotion of pleasure or disapprobation. On no occasion, he declares, had he even entered into conversation with the architect (though his friend) or with anyone acting under his orders—about Blenheim House. Such impenetrable prudence on all sides had even blunted the subdolous ingenuity of the architect and plotter of comedies!"

The palace is built on a large and regular plan; it is wide and massive, but varied and broken up with abundant ornament. Of its grand front—seen to the best advantage from across the bridge—the centre, as we have said, stands back, a high Corinthian portico; and from this curve forward two arcades, to the right and left wings—massive towers, within one of which is the "Kitchen Court," while behind the other lies the "Stable Court." A fine arch in each wing is the entrance to the Grand Court, of which the main building and the towers form the three sides; the fourth side, towards the lake, is only railed in, and carriages approach through the eastern arch. At the end of this wing, opening on to the elm avenue, are two handsome iron gates, and in it was once the famous Titian Room, burnt, with its priceless paintings, in the great fire of the 5th of February, 1861—a national and irreparable loss. The conservatory now takes the place of this gallery; while the private theatre—a pretty building, which would hold two hundred persons (amateur theatricals were rather a favourite amusement of the Churchills)—after many years of disuse, has made room for the offices of the land-steward.

Crossing from this quadrangle, one enters the centre door of the north front—whence there is a noble view to right and left of park and lake, with the long avenue directly in front, and its tall monument in the midst—and one stands in the Entrance Hall, lofty, bright, and airy; the ceiling is sixty-seven feet above the pavement, and is decorated with a large allegorical painting by Sir James Thornhill, which typifies, after the manner of such designs, the victory of Blenheim. We see John, Duke of Marlborough, clad in a helmet, a blue cuirass, &c., of quasi-classic pattern, kneeling before Britannia, who is sitting (typically) upon a globe; a person with wings is showing a large plan of the battle, with the disposition of the troops marked in red lines, which Mars and Hercules regard with astonishment. Fame, with her trumpet, and other familiar personages are naturally present; and a lady who represents History is beginning (at a safe distance) to write an account of it, and has got as far as the words *Anno Memorabili, 1704.* On the whole, one is glad to have got past the rage for allegory of a century ago; but Thornhill's painting yet gives brightness to the ceiling and hall—indeed, the whole palace is noticeably light and cheerful: it is not only a castle, but a house in which one could comfortably live a grateful nation ever made one such a present.

This one remarks especially in the present Duke's private rooms, to which leads a passage on the left of the hall (as one enters from the Grand Court); "his Grace's sanctum," the corner room, is thoroughly comfortable and pleasant, while its height and a certain richness of colour give it the dignity which one expects in a palace. It was formerly called the Teniers Room, but has been hung with its owner's favourite pictures by various masters—still, however, for the most part Dutch.

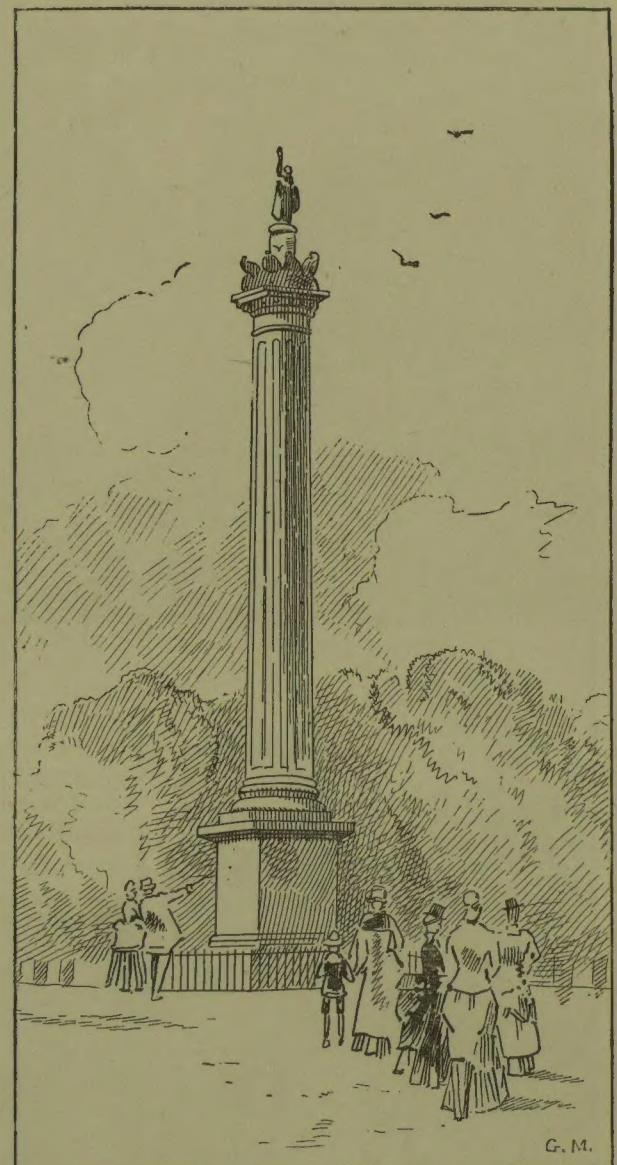
Behind the hall is the Saloon, a reception-room or inner hall, made bright with marble door-cases and chimney-pieces, and painted ceilings and walls by Laguerre; allegorical indeed in their subjects, but vigorous and pleasant in colour. A terrace, from which people of all countries look (with, it must be admitted, very little interest) at the doings of Marlborough on the ceiling, is painted on three walls of the room:

French, Swedish, Scotch, Chinese, and African figures look over the balustrade—some evidently portraits, the rest imaginary caricatures. The Frenchman is the artist himself—that there may be no mistake, he has put his name—and the Englishman, a stout and squat-nosed parson, typical of him who sat "below the salt" and laughed loudest at his patron's broadest jokes, is said to be Dean Jones, chaplain to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

The ceiling is more frankly allegorical, and represents the triumphal career of the great Duke, whose chariot drags him at full speed over struggling warriors and helpless river-gods; it is strongly and effectively painted. Altogether, the room could hardly be better fitted for what it is intended to be—the first, the reception-room, of a series of state apartments. On its tables are some wonderful books of engravings—not to be paralleled, I think, among the *éditions de luxe* of the present day; there are Italian books of old engravings of masterpieces in the galleries of their country, and an interesting collection by D. Pennant of engraved portraits of the Duke of Marlborough, wherein the striking beauty of the "handsome Englishman" gradually disappears from the features of the weather-beaten warrior.

Facing the entrance from the hall is the large door which forms the centre of the south front of the palace; but we will first turn to the left, where lie the Great and Small Drawing-Rooms, the historical Grand Cabinet, and other rooms full of pictures, great and small, "old masters" and masterpieces of later men—full, as indeed the whole house is: for nothing can be more false than the impression that has got abroad that the pictures of Blenheim, or any considerable number of them, have been sold. Besides the Raffaelle and the Vandyke, lately bought by the nation, scarcely half a dozen have gone; and the palace still, so to say, swarms with pictures of great value—many of the greatest—that hang up-stairs and down-stairs, along corridors and in bed-rooms, in good light and bad; wherever, indeed, the wall-space can be found for them.

The famous room of "Reynoldses" merits more than a word to itself. It is generally called the Small Drawing-Room, and lies about midway in the series of apartments running round the south-east corner of the building, from the Saloon to the Duke's sanctum. These are not very large rooms; as,



THE MARLBOROUGH COLUMN IN THE PARK.

indeed, there is not in the palace any one really large room, except the library. To give a more exact notion, one may say that the Great Drawing-Room measures 33 feet by 23 feet, the Dining-Room (which is next to it) 34 feet by 26 feet, the Saloon (which is the largest) 44 feet by 35 feet, and so forth. This gives something of its home-like air to the palace; and as this entire suite of rooms communicates by large doors—with all the doors open one can look through from the Library to the Grand Cabinet, the entire south side of the building, said to be nearly 400 feet—Blenheim has every advantage for grand receptions, at which the Library would presumably be used as ball-room.

But this has taken us some way from the Reynolds Room, a chamber twenty-four feet square, hung with green damask, with furniture to correspond. Here should hang the famous "Fortune Teller" (portraits of the little Lady Charlotte Spencer and her brother, Lord Henry), though upon the day of my visit the cleaners had turned it out. But I saw, in its proper

ENGLISH HOMES.—NO. IV.

The High Lodge (Rochester Tower) in the park.



Bridge on the lake.

Grand North Front of the Palace.

A corner of the lake.

BLENNHEIM.

DRAWN BY C. MONTBARD.

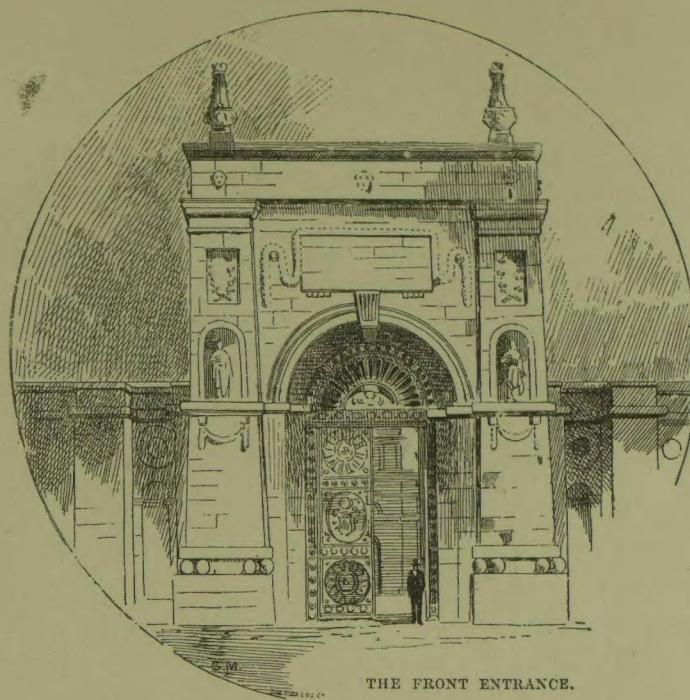
place, the great family picture—perhaps its artist's masterpiece—in which the little fortune-teller appears again; this time frightening her sister with a mask. The attitude of the half-frightened child, clutching backwards with her little hands at the dress of her eldest sister, is surely one of the most exquisite things in all art. In this same picture one sees Reynolds's power of drawing character in men's faces and gracious beauty in women's—the Duke, the Duchess, and their two other sons and daughter, are in the group—as well as his delicate and loving treatment of children. Other family portraits by Reynolds are separate ones of George Spencer, third Duke of Marlborough; his wife, Caroline; the Marquis of Tavistock (her brother), and Lord Charles Spencer, Lord Robert, and the Countess of Pembroke, children of the second Duke.

In this smaller drawing-room there is also a very remarkable cabinet of ebony and gold, the panels of which are decorated with bas-reliefs illustrating the history of Joseph; really a magnificent work, excellently carved—French or German, of the early part of the sixteenth century, probably.

The next room is at the south-east corner of the house, and from it one has almost the prettiest of the pretty views which all the windows give. The first Duke, in one of his letters from abroad, called this room the Grand Cabinet, and it still retains the name. Its ceiling and hangings are extremely rich, and it contains some of the finest pictures in the palace—notably some half a dozen important Rubens. Indeed, all this cluster of rooms is filled with paintings which need a catalogue *raisonné* to themselves: Rubens, Teniers, Raffaelle, are all nobly represented, and there are three portraits by a master not so well known as he should be—Daniel Mytens, magnificent in colour and power: there is, perhaps, no other portrait in the entire collection equal to the best of these.

Passing through the State Bed-Room, one comes to the long Bow-Window Room, with its fine view due east. Here is some tapestry of which a curious story is told—it was found by the late Duke in Paris, and recognised by him as formerly belonging to Blenheim, whence it had apparently been stolen; and it hangs here, a foretaste of glories to come in the way of tapestry in the State Apartments.

For of the three state rooms on the other side of the Saloon—leading westward from it to the Library—the most remarkable feature is the astonishing tapestry. The series of immense and brilliant pictures of Marlborough's victories—Donawert, Lisle, Malplaquet—will be a revelation to many



THE FRONT ENTRANCE.

has its pictures; in the Tower Room, particularly, one remarks a pair of likenesses of the Duke's grandfather and grandmother—so handsome a couple one would scarcely ever meet: he a typical English country gentleman, and she a regular beauty of almost the highest order. It was not the "handsome Englishman's" features which descended thus to his successors—indeed, this Duke was not a Churchill at all; the direct line had failed, and the succession reverted to the Spencer family, from whom John Duke of Marlborough derived his descent. One of these earlier Spencers it was who replied effectively enough to a claim of descent yet longer than his own, when, in 1621, during a debate on the Royal prerogative, Howard Earl of Arundel said to him, "My Lord, when these things were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep"; the first Baron Spencer replied, "When my ancestors were keeping sheep, your Lordship's ancestors were plotting treason."

To the left of the court lies the Bachelors' Gallery, where these unhappy creatures may smoke and revel as they choose, without disturbing the saner inhabitants. On a lower floor are the Arcade Rooms—a billiard-room, decorated with Japanese papers of much boldness and scorn for western fineness of colouring, and the rooms used as laboratories by the present Duke, who has a great fondness for practical chemistry.

These are, roughly speaking, a few of the most notable things within the walls of Blenheim; but the park is as worthy to be seen as the house. One goes out from the Saloon on to the great lawn, and there, a few steps forward on the grass, takes one's first view of the south or garden front of the palace—almost as worthy to be seen as its rival facing north. Right and left are the massive towers, rich with lofty ornaments and angular buttresses, and in the centre is a great Corinthian portico, with the inscription,

EUROPE HEC VINDEX GENIO DECORA ALTA BRITANNO.

and, above, a colossal bust of Louis XIV., taken from the gates of Tournay.

Stretching from this southern front lies the lawn, bordered to right and left with pleasure-grounds, richly wooded; a sunken fence is the boundary of the gardens, dividing them effectually from the outer park without in any way breaking the view. And this is but one of many examples of the way in which the real art of landscape-gardening has been intelligently applied in laying out the park. A capital instance is the great achievement of the gentleman who seems to have really merited his nickname of "Capability" Brown. The little river Glyme flows through the park, and over it had been thrown—when the palace was built—the grand bridge on the northern side, a handsome work, which needed nothing in the world but a reasonable amount of water to bestride. The Glyme, however, was altogether unequal to the occasion, and its narrow stream trickled ludicrously enough under the great arch. "Capability" Brown saw the need, and found the water; he placed a barrier at the lower end of the stream, and the waters accumulating there before they rolled over not only formed a fine lake, worthy to be crossed by such a bridge, but created a pretty cataract perhaps twenty feet high, now one of the pleasantest features of the park. Just below the cataract stands an obelisk, on a little opening of greensward backed by the high trees on the slope above; nearly all the lake is surrounded by high shelving banks, through which it curves—a wide sheet of water, bending in the shape of a letter S round the western end of the palace. Yet nothing in the whole lake, perhaps, is prettier than the shallow river which flows down, below the cataract, past a hilled-in silent spot on the left—a river full of fish, big pike and dace, with a light iron bridge, and a stretch of smooth grass with dark foreign trees and a surrounding ridge of higher ground. Below the lawn is an inclosure of some acres, where used to live a colony of kangaroos and of emus; the kangaroos have dwindled to half-a-dozen now—one very fine fellow I saw chased for some furlongs by the Duke's favourite Russian retriever, who was completely distanced by the beast's huge rapid leaps.

On one's way past this inclosure, one sees in the distance Bladon Church, Botley Woods, and far away the famous hill of the Great White Horse; then the trees grow more thickly, and it is through a kind of shrubbery that one goes to the high wall of the enormous kitchen-garden—there are at least eight acres walled in, and a very large space without being covered with hothouses and conservatories of temperatures to suit all flower-constitutions. These are all being built or rebuilt; with the new Duke, who is fond of scientific gardening—of experiments in hybridisation, especially—the gardens have gone under new and vigorous management.

Thence, along the east side of the lawn, we return to the house, and find, lying snugly beneath the eastern tower, a pretty garden lately rearranged and laid out in nine beds of formal pattern—not unwelcome as a contrast to the "natural" landscape-gardening of the rest of the park. The north wall of this is the conservatory, which, as has been said, takes the place of the Titian Room, destroyed in 1861; it was a pretty thought that flowers should grow where those dead pictures can be seen no more, and the conservatory is as handsome and pleasant a one as need be.

Are there any more of the countless "sights" of the park and grounds that imperatively call to be described? The

Temple of Diana ("Ionia, mountain-ranging Artemis," as its inscription calls her), the Grand Fountain, the farmed land of the western part of the park—an old description of the place speaks of it as "one continued *ferme ornée*"—one cannot describe all these in a line or two: as one can find nothing fresh to say about the invaluable deer that glance between the trees far off, or the necessary swan not wanting on the lake. Only, before we stand by the Column and take our final look at the palace, a word should be spoken of the High Lodge—formerly known as Rochester Tower—which stands high, reflected in the quiet water, overlooking a view almost the widest and most lovely in the park, with the ancient city of Oxford, perhaps nine miles away, as its background. Here lived and died a former Ranger of the park, Wilmot, the famous Earl of Rochester.

From the High Lodge we will move to the Monument: a Doric column 130 feet high, from far away the object which first catches the eye as one looks towards Blenheim. It stands fully facing the very centre of the palace, where none of the visitors to his house can fail to see the Great Duke, whose figure tops the column—a colossal statue—while his life is inscribed, on the side of the Monument facing Blenheim, in brief effective sentences attributed to Bolingbroke.

Blenheim is new, and has no store of legends; but just at this spot meet the bit of history and the famous bit of legend which cling to Woodstock Park. A little east of the bridge once stood, facing the site of the present palace, the old palace or Manor House, the home of many kings, from Henry I. to Charles I.; it was not entirely destroyed until 1723, after the completion of Blenheim, when two sycamores were planted here to mark its site. Some say that Ethelred, brother of Alfred the Great, built a palace on this spot in 866, and some that King John was born there; but it is authentic history that Elizabeth, then Princess, was kept practically a prisoner here by her sister Mary. Here she heard singing the traditional milkmaid, immortalised by Tennyson, and traditionally wished to change conditions with her; and here she endeavoured to immortalise herself, by writing in charcoal on the shutter of her room those well-known verses for which it is safest to give tradition again as the authority.

Just as far to the west of the bridge as was her prison to its east, there lies the only memorial of one who, though she doubtless really lived, and perhaps even died after the manner attributed to her, has yet come down to us mainly as a heroine of romance. "Fair Rosamond's Well" is a spring of good water, whose freestone basin is inclosed by iron palisades: "A dainty, clear, square, paved well, knee-deep, wherein this beautiful creature did sometimes wash and bathe herself," says an old writer, prettily. The great cedars grow by it, the spot is quiet and cool; a pleasant place from which to sit and gaze at the towers and turrets of the great castle, standing up among the trees, and hear the heavy thud of oars—like the large cooing of some mammoth dove—as a boat passes through the bridge and along the lake. Rosamond's Bower has gone and left no trace; so has the labyrinth, built by Henry for his love—a secret passage, it is said, between the old palace and the Bower—through whose turnings the clue of silk guided the relentless Queen, in whose innermost recess the wife and the mistress met, and the old typical story was acted to the end. The legend has always held the popular fancy, and has taken in its toils many poets, from Lord Tennyson to-day back to one Thomas Delony, who described in the diretest fashion how

Most curiously that bower was built,  
Of stone and timber strong:  
A hundred and fifty doors  
Did to this bower belong—

and who went doggedly from end to end of the story which, after all, supplies to Blenheim, with its century and a half of history, the one thing it must otherwise lack—the romance of antiquity, hazy, picturesque, uncertain.

With the Well as our *bonne bouche*, yet with a last look at the widespread towers and court of the splendid palace, we



BRIDGE IN THE PARK.

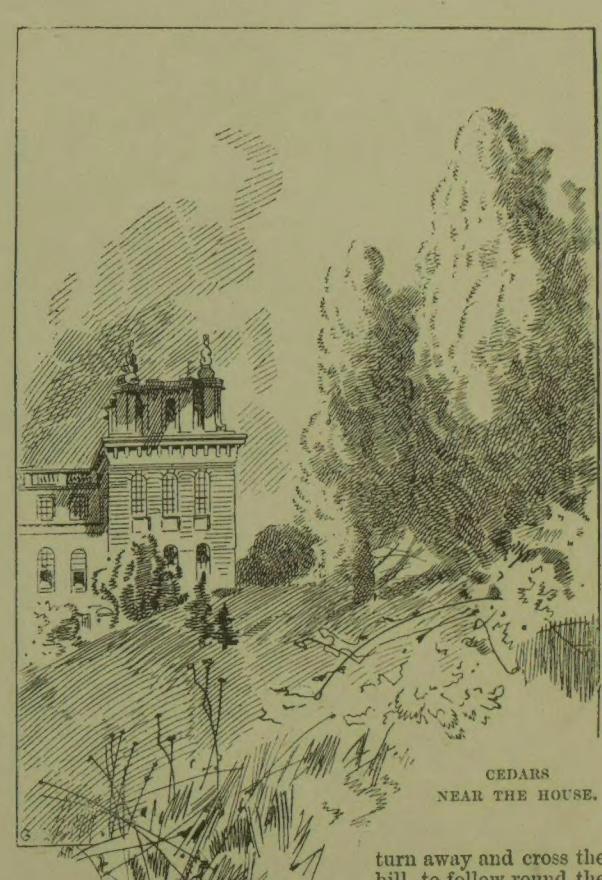
people who have thought of tapestry (if not as of necessity old and faded) as a quiet, almost sombre background, with none of the vivid colouring of painted pictures. No room hung with oil paintings could be so filled with brightness and light as these tapestried chambers, whose scarlet soldiery riding on great white horses through radiant cheery landscapes would have warmed the heart of Walter Scott. There is something festive and jolly—like a triumphal procession—in these huge historic tableaux that cover a wall and a half of a room, and apparently gain in lifelike effect from turning the corner!

But all other glories—ceilings, tapestries, even perhaps the pictures themselves—fade as one enters the great room of the house: the Library, that stretches along the west front of the palace. There is perhaps hardly a finer room in the world than this; originally it was to have been a picture gallery, and its lightness and brilliancy seem more suited for rich colours of landscape and history than for calf-clad books. Yet it is welcome as a protest against the common view of a library as a dull place for pedants to doze in—one could not go to sleep in this gallery, flashing with white marble all down its sixty yards of length, lighted from the west by windows whose recesses break the line of wall; it is all ivory of colour and varied in form—at each end is a square, in the centre a bow standing out in the middle of the western side of the palace. The basement of the room is of black marble, and now a little pale buff is being introduced in some of the decoration: this alone, and the darker bindings of the books, vary the brilliant white of the long gallery. It has something of the look of that well-known room in the Louvre—only the danger of gilding is escaped: here all is radiant and rich, but perfectly pure in colour, without the faintest suspicion of vulgarity.

Past the great marble statue of Queen Anne, past the line of bookcases with latticed fronts, and the portraits of Spencers and Churchills, we go down the long colonnade to the Chapel, where is an immense monument to the Great Duke—colossal statues of himself, his wife, and their two boys, by Rysbrack—which nearly fills one side of the Chapel. It is a handsome and airy place, with an alabaster pulpit richly decorated, which has not very long taken the place of the one whence the worthy Dean Jones discoursed suitably to his—let us hope attentive—mistress. Alas! Dean Jones has no successor! The courtly chaplain—were his seat below the salt or above it—is a thing of the past.

Returning from the Chapel (beyond which lies the Stable Court), one passes up the colonnade, and, bearing to the left, comes to the Coral Rooms, often occupied by the Prince of Wales when he was at Oxford; these are a suite of rooms on the right of the Entrance-Hall—almost corresponding with the Duke's private apartment on the left—and they overlook directly the main entrance, the Grand Courtyard, and the courtly and long north avenue.

Thence through the hall one passes up-stairs. The Grand Staircase is hung with large family pictures—one by Hudson of the second Duke and his family is especially noticeable—and the low pretty corridors round the inner courts have all their hosts of portraits. Every bed-room, too, as I have said,



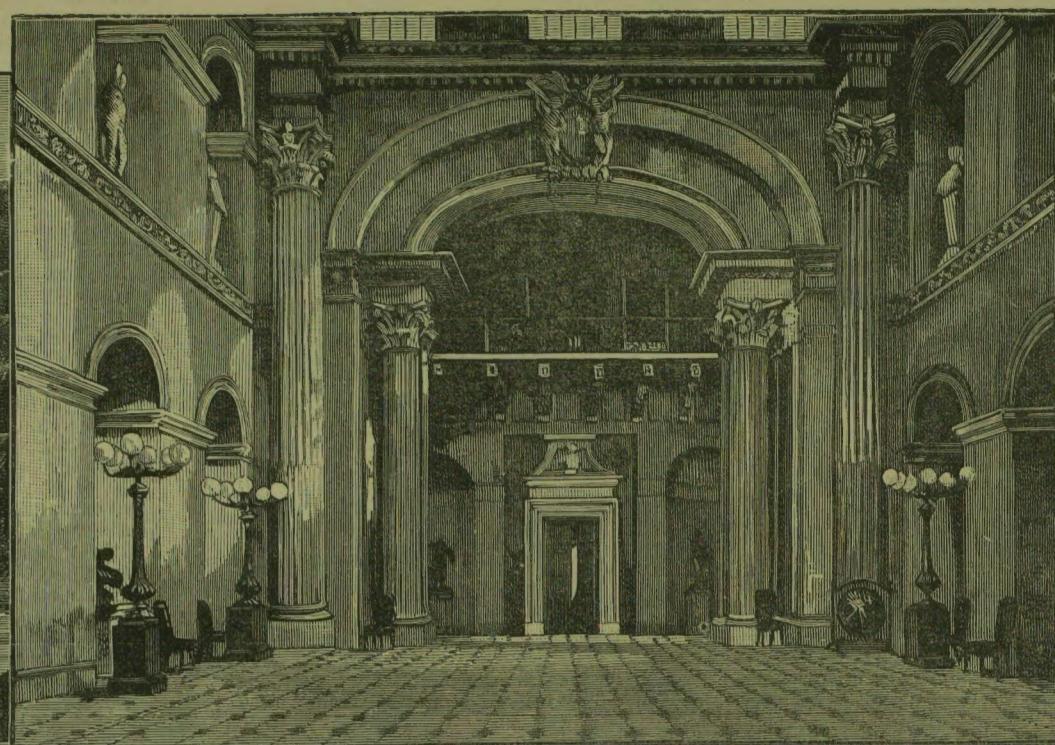
CEDARS NEAR THE HOUSE.

turn away and cross the hill, to follow round the lower bend of the lake to the gates that let us in from Woodstock. It is quite a country walk, this, in itself; we skirt the slope, pass round farm-cottages and up a road backed on one side by a hill, lying open on the other to the lake—now at its very end, rushy and tree-girt: then the road climbs the hill, through the high trees, and soon we come upon the heavy gateway—the Triumphal Arch, erected *jesu atque auspiciis Saræ*, that she might be remembered as *conjugis dilectissima* of the famous Duke of Marlborough.

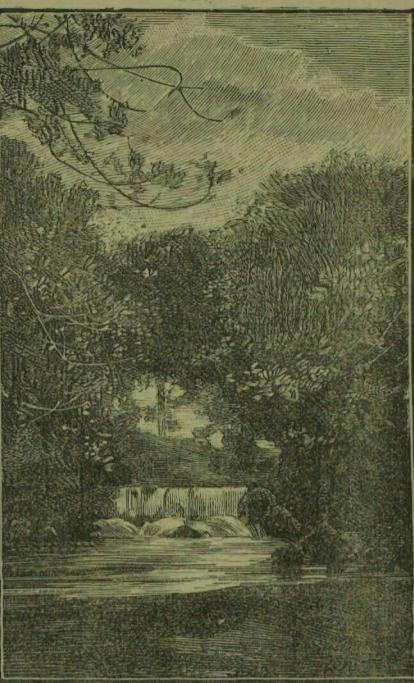
EDWARD ROSE.

## ENGLISH HOMES.—No. IV. BLENHEIM.

I



II



III

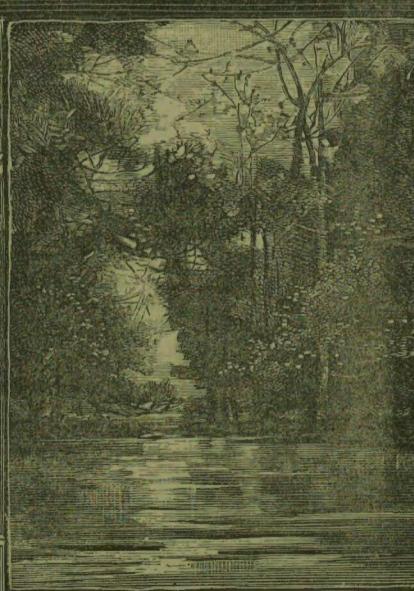


V

VI



VII



I. Obelisk in the private gardens.  
II. Entrance-hall in the palace.

III. Cataract of the river Glyme.  
IV. View of the palace from the lake.

V. Fair Rosamond's Well.  
VI. Library in the palace.

VII. One of the springs of the lake.